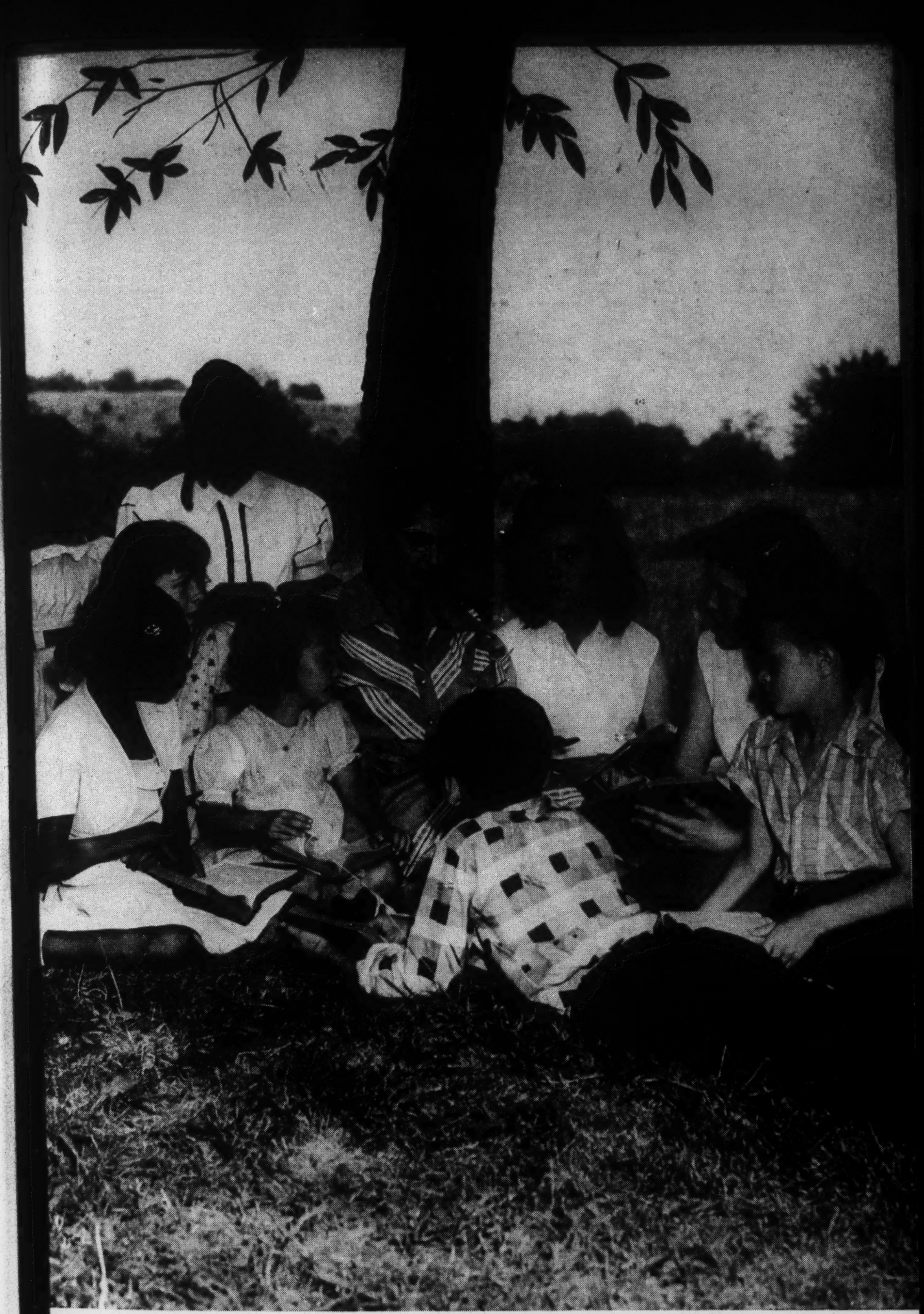

Courtesy of Bureau of Mines, U. S. Department of the Interior.

Our Missionary and Vacation Bible School Group at Westland, Pa.

October, 1952

Women's Missionary Magazine

THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

Of The United Presbyterian Church Of North America

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Send Articles for Publication to
MRS. E. D. McKUNE, Editor
Eastview Drive, R. F. D. 3
Allison Park, Pa.

Send Subscriptions to
MRS. RALPH H. ARNOLD, Treasurer
510 S. Trenton Avenue
Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

Associate Editors: MRS. R. R. STEWART, Rawalpindi, Pakistan-India
MRS. W. J. SKELLIE, Assiut, Egypt
MRS. LEANDER FINLEY, Omdurman, The North Sudan
MRS. A. MAC ROY, The South Sudan
MRS. RUTH L. WALKER, Conoquenessing, Pa.

Editor Emeritus: MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, 344 Fourteenth Street, Santa Monica, California

Pictures in the MAGAZINE furnished from the Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund

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COVER PICTURE

Miss Dorothy Partington, our missionary at Westland, Pa., teaching a Vacation Bible School group composed of miners' children from the bituminous coal mine area in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, Pa. This cover picture and the picture, p. 71, were taken especially for the Women's Missionary Magazine by Mr. Albert G. Kniele, Bureau of Mines photographer.

A Little Time Apart

I WISH I KNEW

Did someone wake at dawn today
And think of me with love, and pray?
I wish I knew! For in the hour
Of baffling problems there came power.
It seemed as if His very wings
Were lifting me above the things
That irritate. When plans went wrong
I still could smile and found a song
Upon my lips. With chin held high
I faced my world and eye to eye
With trouble walked onward through the day.
Did someone wake at dawn and pray?
I wish I knew!

—Carol McAfee Morgan

(By special permission of the author)

Prayer in the Mines

There was once a young miner in Tremong who had lost his faith in God.

"Someday you'll change your mind," his minister warned him.

The young miner shook his head. Years rolled by, and still he wouldn't go to church. One day when he was working in a breast, he saw a pillar creep. He and his buddy made for the heading below just in time to escape and were sealed up as in a tomb. With no light or air, they were doomed to a horrible death unless rescued in time. A long time passed—ages it seemed. They were hungry and thirsty and beginning to choke from breathing the foul air.

"Guess we're goners," whimpered the man who did not believe in God.

"No, somethin' tells me already we'll be saved," replied the other, who was religious.

"Oh! if there was the sound of rescue crews."

"Let's pray, mebbe that'll make 'em work faster."

"Nonsense."

"Can't you pray?"

"I've not led a Christian life already for many years and it's not in me to be cryin' to God now."

"The Good Book says that faith'll move mountains."

"It can't move this mountain of coal."

"Prayer will do it."

"Go ahead and pray if you want to."

The man of faith kneeled, clasped his hands, raised his head in reverence to Almighty God and moved his lips. In that position he remained for what seemed hours, and by the time the first tap-tap-tap of rescue crew was heard he had keeled over. As the sound of pick and hammer became louder, indicating that the rescuers were getting nearer, the trapped miners were slowly suffocating. When an opening was at last made into their tomb, the man who had done the praying was dead, while the unbeliever was still breathing, though too weak to move. He was carried out and brought home. In time, with proper care, he recovered.

"It was a miracle you lived through it," he was told.

"It wasn't a miracle," he replied. "It was faith that done it—my buddy's faith. He sacrificed his life to make me see the light."

That experience changed that man's whole attitude toward God. I ought to know—I was the unbeliever.

(Quoted by permission from *Minstrels of the Mine Patch*
by George Korson, University of Pennsylvania Press.)

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE

The central theme of our American heritage is the importance of the individual person. . . . We have believed that every human being has an essential dignity and integrity which must be respected and safeguarded . . . We believe that the welfare of the individual is the final goal of group life . . . To be secure in the rights he wishes for himself, each man must be willing to respect the rights of other men. This is the conscious recognition of a basic moral principle: all men are created equal as well as free. Stemming from this principle is the obligation to build social institutions that will guarantee equality of opportunity to all men . . . Thus the only aristocracy that is consistent with the free way of life is an aristocracy of talent and achievement. The grounds on which our society accords respect, influence or reward to each of its citizens must be limited to the quality of his personal character and his social contribution.

—From the Report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights.

The Women's Missionary Magazine

of the United Presbyterian Church of North America

Vol. LXVI October, 1952 No. 2

Human Rights (Home Mission Theme)

Review of "Human Rights in the Kingdom of Coal" by RICHARD C. SMITH

CHAPTER IV—PILGRIM THROUGH THIS BARREN LAND

The *empty chapel* and the *closed Book* are two evidences of spiritual instability in mining communities.

Dr. Smith visited mine chapels and churches in Wales. He found attendance and enthusiasm at low ebb. A mine official told him, "While the Welsh miner continues to be a religious person, his religion has been largely divorced from the chapel and survives principally in choral tradition." That opinion was confirmed for Dr. Smith at an informal event in the public school building. The same community that drew only about a score for church services had a capacity audience of three hundred song-loving miners. It was there, not in the church, that he heard the Welsh sing their own "CWM Rhondda" tune for

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land."

Not only in Wales, but in the coal areas of eastern Canada — and in the United States—the same tragic evidences of spiritual crisis are manifest in decreasing communicant membership, in congregational attendance and in community impact.

Surveys in the Appalachian coal fields from Pennsylvania to Alabama testify to the empty chapel. Thousands are unreached and unchurched; the percentage of church membership is shockingly low; one person, on the average, stays away from Sunday services for every person who attends.

Why? Is it because the mine-town chapel is often ugly? Is the spiritual character of the people a stumbling block? Is the clerical leadership poor?

Often the chapel is ugly; so are other surrounding buildings. Self-satisfied Christians there are, but perhaps no more than in non-mining towns. The minister, though a Godly man may lack training and social vision. The greatest obstacle seems to be that in too many cases the miner regards the chapel as "a prisoner of coal-mine management." As you read the book you may decide whether this accusation is justified.

Deeper than the crisis revealed by the closing and closed chapel is the crisis that grows out of ignoring the word of God. Deterioration comes surely and certainly when the Bible is a closed Book—and mining communities are no exception.

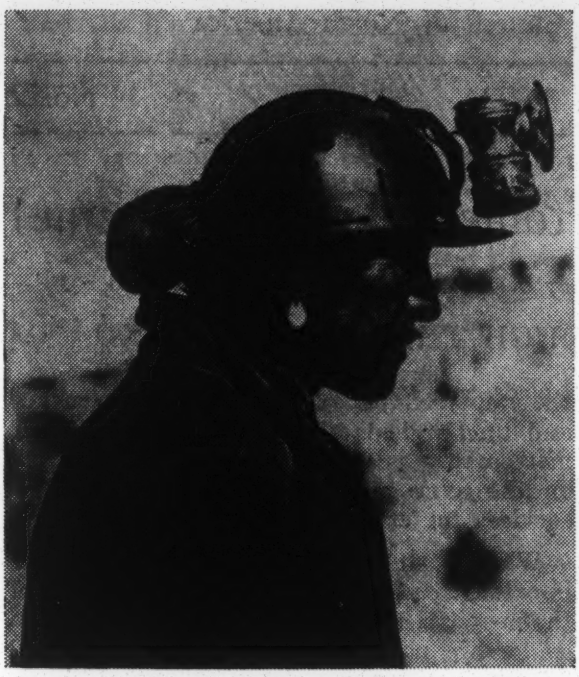
Bible reading, family prayers, grace before meals—all of which make for stalwart Christian living—have almost completely disappeared in many mining communities, with noteworthy exceptions, of course. Many coal miners have never owned a Bible. The greater the degree of the closing of the Book, the greater the personal and group vice, and the degradation become.

The empty chapel and the closed Book! Then come the resultant tavern brawls, broken homes and their attendant evils. All are symbols of deep spiritual need. They are challenges to a revived home mission effort before it is too late to meet the crisis.

Conclusion of brief reviews of "Human Crisis in the Kingdom of Coal" by the Editor and Literature Secretary. Read Chapter IV to learn about the religious crisis, then turn to Chapter VIII for what is being done to "set the miner free" spiritually.

CHAPTER VIII—MINE TOWN MAN OF GOD

What is being done to meet the challenge of the *empty chapel* and *closed Book*, the symbols of Human Crisis in the spiritual realm? Liberation must strike immediately



Courtesy of Bureau of Mines, U. S. Dept. of Interior

Navajo Indian coal miner with hole cut in his hard hat for his hair. This makes the hat more comfortable but destroys some of its safety features. This picture was taken in the days of the open flame carbide light worn by the Indian. Now it is considered extremely hazardous to wear in a coal mine. In modern mines, the safe, permissible, electric cap lamps replace the dangerous and old-fashioned carbide lights. The picture holds interest for us because of our work among the Navajo.

at the heart of the crisis—the need of the miner for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The man the churches send into the coal fields to help resolve the spiritual crisis must be more than a preacher, for his is a four-fold service. He must first of all be an evangelist with a passion for souls. In Rev. Smith's own Mountain Mining Mission in West Virginia as in many places throughout the world these "Industrial Chaplains" are winning little groups of men and women for Christ, organizing them into congregations, helping them build churches and encouraging them to have a share in the evangelizing of their own communities. Evangelistic campaigns are held, both visitation and group, and many mine families are starting to live the Christian life.

The successful coal-town minister is also a pastor interested in all the miners' problems and ready to help with understanding and sympathy. He must also be able to develop Christian lay leaders capable of performing church duties. He will conduct boy and girl scout programs, promote youth choirs and conferences and in every possible way train children and young people for present and future leadership.

Mine towns are usually short on leadership so the minister must be a community leader, meanwhile training and encouraging others to take his place. Better housing, health, recreation and library facilities are areas in which encouragement may be needed.

The minister must be a man who can weld together the divergent elements in his church. The suspicion and distrust that have been engendered between management and labor through the years make it difficult for these two groups to work together. He must encourage management, labor and the church to work together on community projects so results attained cannot be claimed by any one group. He must help his mine community feel a kinship with nearby towns—a more difficult task if there is no mine in the other town.

A successful chaplain learns quickly to adapt his message and program to the needs of his group. He stands out as "God's man" in the community, a tool of neither labor nor management. He so identifies himself with his miners that he learns to think as they do. This he does because he loves them.

Where can such men be found? Excellent lay preachers have come from the ranks of mine labor. Given some theological training many have done fine work. Regular clergy are needed more. Young men interested in becoming mine chaplains do field work in mine communities while in seminary or even work in the mines for a period to acquire the necessary understanding.

The chaplain should be supported by the local church, aided when necessary by his denomination. Never should he be paid by either management or labor. He must be free to give his mind and heart to the task of helping release men from Human Crisis in the Kingdom of Coal.

Courtesy of Bureau of Mines, U. S. Department of the Interior.

Team from Leckie Collieries Company, Aflex, Kentucky, competing in the Kentucky State-wide First-Aid Contest, Harlan, Kentucky, 1950. Negroes, too, work in the Kingdom of Coal.

U. P. Work in the Kingdom of Coal

By MISS DOROTHY PARTINGTON, Missionary at Westland, Pennsylvania

NESTLED among the hills of southwestern Pennsylvania, about twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh, is the coal mining town of Westland. To one driving through it is just another coal town, but to us who live and work here it is home. We have come to know and love the people and our work among them. The work was begun here in 1903 by a teacher in the public school, Miss Romaine Russell, whose home was in Hickory. She took an interest in the people and because she loved her Lord she wanted them to have a Church and Sabbath School. In 1909 a church building was erected and that building we are using today.

During the years since then there have been times of real spiritual life and interest, and also times of low ebb and indifference. But all through its history there have been, and are, the faithful men and women, young people, boys and girls, who love the Lord Jesus and the Church where they found Him as their personal Saviour. We look back through the years to learn lessons from the past; to profit by these experiences. We look ahead keeping our eyes on the goals we have set, constantly planning new activities, new ways to reach these goals. We keep our eyes lifted toward these goals that all things may work together in their proper places, and also lest we be discouraged by the way over something less important which seemingly falls short.

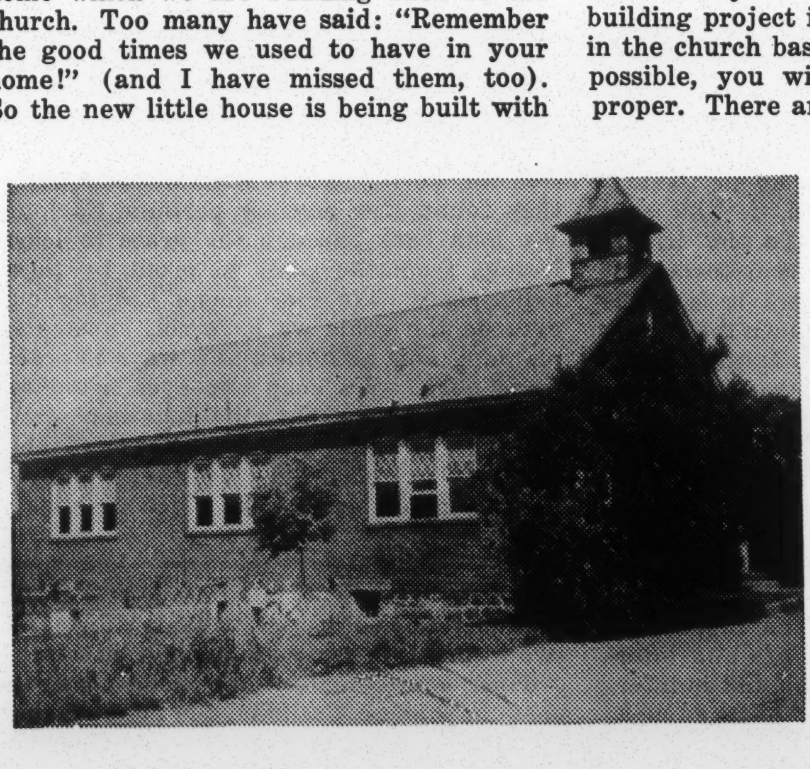
Each Sabbath day the church bell rings for our Sabbath School at one o'clock. This is followed by our worship service at two o'clock. Our town is divided into three groups, approximately the same in number: the Roman Catholic, the colored, and our own Mission people. We are the only

group which has a church building. It has stood through the years reminding people of the better way—the way of faith, the way to God. The Gospel of salvation through the Lord Jesus is preached and taught always. I like to think of this church as a lighthouse in Westland. So many go to the saloons and the club to spend their time and money on things that are evil; a lighthouse is needed! Lighthouses warn of danger and show the safe and right way. We who know the Lord are commissioned to be lights in this dark world. It has long been a problem as to why men love darkness rather than light; why they choose to do evil rather than right.

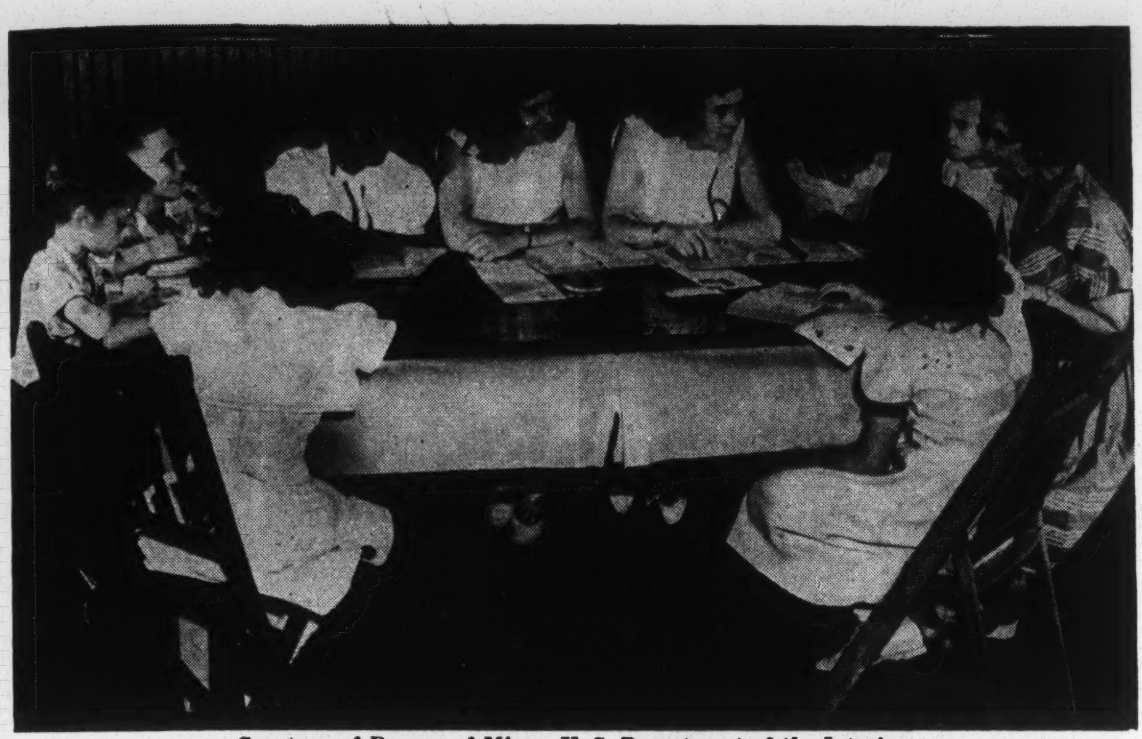
Our Mission Church is a busy place during the week, too, for we do want to meet the needs of our various age groups, by giving instruction in the Word of God, by giving help along the way, by providing at least some recreation. We know that when we live among them we accomplish more. It's not only more convenient for us, but gives us a sense of belonging. During the period when I was here before from 1943-48, the people, especially the young folks, did come to my home; color books and blocks for the little ones, games for the older were always available; or perhaps a few would just drop in to talk for a bit, about a problem, or just to pass the time. We fully expect that by the time you read this we shall be in our brand-new little home which we are building back of the church. Too many have said: "Remember the good times we used to have in your home!" (and I have missed them, too). So the new little house is being built with the prayer that by our living in it we may better serve the Lord in this place. We shall have smaller groups in our home frequently, but we shall also use the church basement more for meetings, such as the Bible Clubs, and for recreation for our own young people, and also for the colored boys and girls on their particular evening. We have room for a good lawn back of the church and already have one set of swings for a small playground there.

Would you like to peek in a bit on our work? She was just a wee little girl, and so sleepy, but this was a Bible School morning, and she did so love Bible School! So she got out of bed quickly when mother called, and when, later, she was sitting in her class listening to the teacher tell the Bible story, putting the figures on the flannelboard, she was very happy. Then there were the songs and the pretty star each one made to take home, reminding her of the birth of Christ-child who came to be her Saviour, the One who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Her class was one of the four in our School this summer, all of them busy and happy as they laid up in their hearts and minds the truths from God's Word. If you had walked through the camp in the afternoon, you would have heard the children here and there singing the songs and choruses they had sung in the morning at Bible School.

Now won't you come in for a few minutes and visit our Bible School for the colored boys and girls? When a house-building project is not under way we meet in the church basement, but that being impossible, you will find us in the church proper. There are thirty-eight present this



The Mission Church at Westland, Pa.



Courtesy of Bureau of Mines, U. S. Department of the Interior

Miss Dorothy Partington teaching her Vacation Bible School group of miners' children, Westland Church.

morning, ages from five to sixteen. Like our own group, they know many songs and choruses, are learning the first and the twenty-third Psalms, and enjoying the stories and handwork. I believe these colored boys and girls especially enjoy the handwork, for they make nice things and do good work. The woman you see sitting over there is one of the mothers who is helping, and we appreciate her help so much. She is anxious to start a Sunday School for these children, so we have promised to help. We fully expect that this Bible School is the beginning of a Sunday School for these boys and girls. But we'll have to tell you more about that later.

If our Church is to be a lighthouse, then surely we must teach God's Word to the children; help them to hide it in their hearts that they may not sin against Him; help them to put their feet on the King's Highway and then guide them lest they turn by the way. For Satan is real and Satan is strong, constantly trying to cause God's people to stumble and turn off the Highway into paths of sin. We are learning a lot these days about building, and we are impressed anew with the need of having a good foundation. We have a good foundation in our little house and how thankful we are for it. But oh, how much more important it is that these boys and girls lay a good foundation now for their lives. We count it a responsibility to help them to make the Lord Jesus the Chief Cornerstone, and to put good, sound, worthwhile blocks in the foundations for their lives that will be built-up in the Lord through the years. It is hard to get older folks to change their ways, but children are so teachable. We find real joy as we see the Lord working in the hearts of our young people. Who knows, but it may be in the years to come some of them will go out as missionaries to carry the Gospel to other lands. What greater joy could we have?

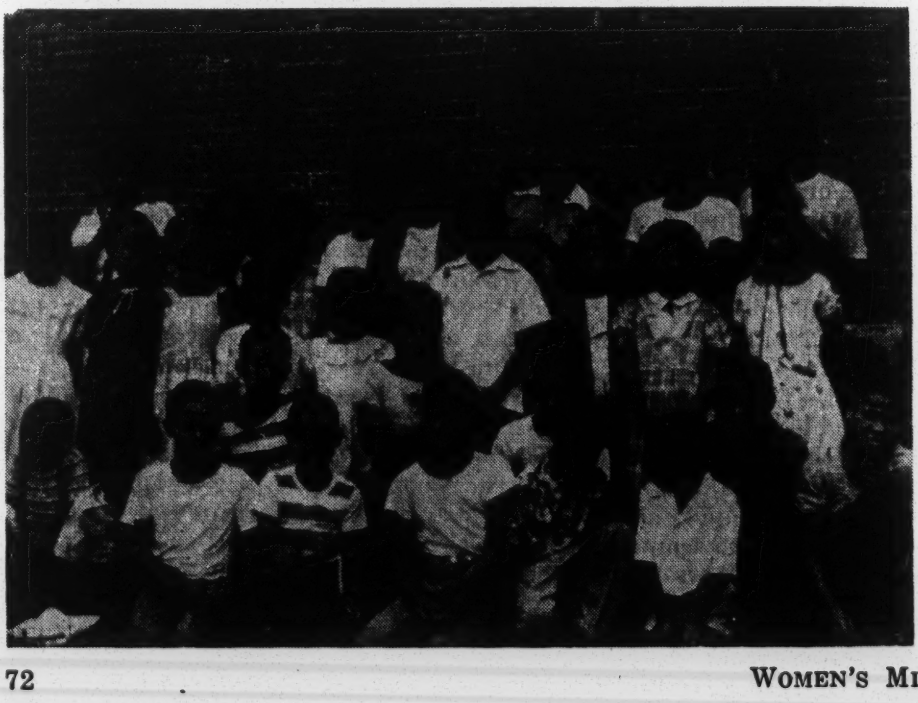
It is our desire that we might serve not only our own group, but all the families of the town when there is a need, and many needs do come up in our community. Sickness, death, trouble—we want to be a help in any way possible. One time it is a sick child, another time a fire—a child burned to death, and the mother taken to the hospital in a serious condition. Whatever the need we try to meet it the best we can and ask the Lord to make us a blessing to those concerned.

We do not want you to think of a coal mining community as a depressing, gloomy place, where the men are in constant danger, the people under-privileged, and the homes shacks. That certainly is not true in Westland, except that in any place where liquor is sold a depressing situation is created, for, as the author of our study book says, too many of the men go to such

Scenes at a S.S. picnic, Westland Mission

places for lack of a better place to go, and liquor produces undesirable results in the life of any person, reacts on the home, and the children suffer! Our hearts ache for these children, and we long to show them a better way. On the other hand, we have families who come to church and do not go to the saloons; who use their spare time to good advantage and their money to better their homes. Since the Coal Company sold the houses to the people a few years ago, they have taken pride in improving them and making their surroundings more attractive.

It was some comfort to me to read in the study book that other churches in coal mining towns have empty pews. I wish sincerely that this were not true; it has been a heart-ache to me ever since I came to Westland. There are times when we have a good attendance, but all too often you would have no trouble in finding a place to sit at our afternoon service. We always enjoy special meetings, revival meetings as we call them. They are usually well attended, and I am sure some lasting results follow. The Christian way is the way of real joy and peace, and only through our Christian faith can we have a sense of security, which is needed not only by the mining people, but by people everywhere.



Negro Bible School, Westland Mission

Human Rights in the Kingdom of Coal

As Seen Through the Eyes of a Miner

By DR. and MRS. ROSS SNYDER, Religious Education Department, University of Chicago*

MINER—I think there's some things you'd like to know about coal miners. What they've been through and how they see things. Then you could understand them better.

Old King Coal
He's been mighty unpredictable.
King Coal's kingdom has always been restless.
It has ups and downs, that sometimes ruin you.
Do you know what it's like to be in a coal mine when the walls cave in and gas explodes?
And if it isn't you, it is your buddies that are killed, the guys that work right alongside you.
In the year of our Lord, 1951,
800 men were killed in coal mine disasters
And it isn't a pleasant death.
There's not so many folks wanting to be coal miners anymore.

BALLAD SINGER—It's mighty risky to take those black diamonds out of King Coal's crown.
(*Sings*: *"Coal Dust," No.* 123, *v.* 1)

THAT LITTLE LUMP OF COAL†

Oh, to those who know no better,
And the ones that do not care,
I'll take this means of telling you
What a miner has to bear.
So when your servant fires the furnace
And the smoke and blazes roll,
Just stop and think who suffered
For that little lump of coal.

Oh, he gets up in the morning,
He's in the land of Nod,
And at the family altar
He will kneel and ask his God,
Oh, to care for and protect him
From dangers underground,
So he can come back in the evening
To his family safe and sound.

MINER—When there's an explosion they put up a list of the fellows nobody knows what happened to.

And the wives come over and look and keep watching to see if their man is on the dead list or if there is still hope. And you don't say much to them 'cause they got their own private grief.

But the rest of you have memories when you look at the list. Memories of other lists that have been posted on a tree at the top of mines all over the world for a long time back.

1890—There was a list at the the top of a Belgian mine, 131 miners killed
1896—Pittston, Pa.—90
1900—Scofield, Utah—200 men
1902—Coal Creek, British Columbia—127 dead
1906—In a mine in France, 1,099

Each time you look at a list you remember:

1907—Monongah, W. Va.—361
1913—Glamorgan, Wales—439
1913—Dawson, New Mexico—263
1942—Manchuria, China, 1,527 men dead

And who around here can forget
Centralia, Illinois, Thursday, March 25, 1942—111
Dec. 21, 1951—West Frankfort, Illinois—119 fellows who thought they were going to spend Christmas with their families four days later.

These got into the newspapers—for these were big disasters. But all the time little ones keep happening. Between 1910 and 1945 there were 66,140 miners killed. And they left behind them 211,648 women and children.

BALLAD SINGER—800 men killed just this last year . . . .

You should know about the first big mine disaster in America. It was at Avondale, Pennsylvania.
(*Sings*: *No.* 33, *verses*, 1, 2, 3, 10 *in "The Miner Sings"*)

MINER—Nobody does much about these things unless the men in the mines stick together and make themselves heard. We found out that the only way we would be listened to was to organize a union and when necessary to strike.

Now going on a strike is no fun. You wonder if you are going to have bread to feed your family. Heads get broke, and sometimes miners get shot up.

Now, I know that we aren't always saints. And we make mistakes. Who doesn't?

But you have to stick together. There is no other way.

*Dr. Snyder gave this demonstration based on the book, "Human Interest in the Kingdom of Coal," at a meeting of the Division of Religious Education in Columbus during the winter. A delightful summer experience was learning to know Mrs. Snyder at the Chautauqua Institute of World Missions. Dr. and Mrs. Snyder have given permission for this reprint.—Editor.

†Two of the many stanzas of this song from "Coal Dust on the Fiddle" from which several other songs have been taken. Quoted by permission of University of Pennsylvania Press. Book available in many public libraries.

BALLAD SINGER—On September 23, 1913, out in Colorado 11,000 coal miners went on a strike. They were striking because the mines weren't safe. Because they couldn't get an honest weighing of the coal they mined each day, and they had to buy at the company stores—the "pluck me" stores they called them. And the company was trying to break up the union.

This is the song that was made up to sing back in 1913 on the picket line.
(*Sings*: *"Our Cause is Marching On"—Coal Dust on the Fiddle, p.* 389, *verses* 1 *and* 5, *no chorus*)

MINER—Maybe you ought to know the rest of that story. That was the famous Ludlow strike, sometimes called the Ludlow massacre.

The miners were evicted from the company houses. So one thousand miners with women and children moved into tents put up by their union, and they lived there all winter. Then early on the morning of April 20 the National Guard fired into those tents. We tried to fight back. The thing kept on most of the day with our women and kids trying to hide in the ground under the tents. At night we tried to get away but the tents were burnt by the Guard. Twenty men, women and children were killed that day.

Sometime stop by when you are near Ludlow, Colorado, and see the monument there. And read the inscription "In memory of the men, women, and children who lost their lives in freedom's cause."

BALLAD SINGER—The right to strike and right to be a union—we had to come by them the hard way.
(*Sings*: *"West Virginia Song of Freedom"—Coal Dust on Fiddle*—428, *v.* 1 *and chorus*)

MINER—We get along when times are good. But times aren't always good. At least for coal. We regularly have our depressions, whether the rest of you have them or not. And that means also ghost towns where there aren't any jobs any place. And it means breadlines—and nobody I know, even your wife, can keep self-respect in a breadline.

Back in the 1930's the Quakers came to give school lunches to our kids in the mining counties of W. Va. The Quakers were sorta surprised when they found out that many of our kids didn't know what milk was.

BALLAD SINGER—You can stand being without a job—having nothing to do. But to see your kids getting skinny and peaked is mighty hard to take. So that's another reason why we know that we have to have a union—even if the respectable folks are against it—and they get you for it—like they did in Harlan County, Kentucky.
(*Sings*: *p.* 316, *verses* 1 *and* 3)

MINER—We have to work pretty hard and a guy has to blow off steam somehow—he's got to have fun. You like to be around where other men are, where you can just talk and say what you please and laugh at each other's jokes and make up your mind about what's going on in the county.

Now about the only place that a guy can do this, in a lot of towns, is at the tavern. You don't take your wife there. A lot of you drink too much and you waste your money. But the tavern is the place you can get together, and you get to boasting about yourselves . . . and you lift up your voice in song.

MINER—It used to be that the Welsh miners did a lot of singing. There were times when you would have heard the miners singing hymns—at least some of them, some places. And if you went to their churches on Sunday morning you could never forget a bunch of miners singing:

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim in this weary land."

BALLAD SINGER—They really meant it back in those days.

(*Sings*: *"Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah" to tune of "CWN Rhondda"*)

MINER—But if you go back there now, you won't hear the singing of hymns. You won't even hear it in the churches. For some churches and miners have grown apart. Miners have suspicions about the church—a feeling that it is owned and run by the mine company and that the preacher isn't clear that there has to be a union.

BALLAD SINGER—Besides, you don't always have the clothes that make you feel at home in a church—and you're not sure that you are respectable enough folks to go there.

Anyway, what does a mere preacher know what a miner has to stand up to? Does he really know anything about religion for me?

But I do have memories. I still remember a couple of songs my grandfolks sang.
(*Sings*: *"What Wondrous Love Is This," first verse*)

Another that my great-grandad used to sing—with his eyes looking way off in the distance—was

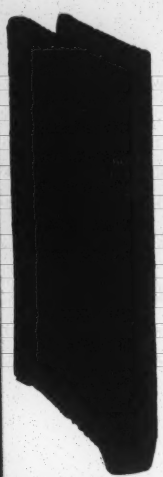
"Thou Man of Grief Remember me
Who never can thyself forget."

(*Sings*: *"Thou Man of Grief Remember Me"—"Twelve Folk Hymns"*)

"Biblical Illiteracy" in The U. S. A.

By the REVEREND HOWARD M. JAMIESON, JR.,
Pastor of Third United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Did you know that Mary Magdalene was the mother of Jesus? If that information from the Bible escaped you, did you know that Alexander the Great was the great king of Israel who committed adultery with the wife of Uriah the Hittite? Or had you discovered in your study of the Scriptures that Socrates was the prophet who won a public contest against the priests of Baal when fire fell from heaven and consumed a sacrifice? More than that, you should know that according to the Bible the strength of Hercules lay in his unshorn hair.



These "gems" of (mis) information came from some tests given to Monmouth College students at the beginning of the semester's work in the Bible Department in the year 1949. The results of the test give some indication as to the degree of Biblical illiteracy to be found among students who enroll in our church colleges. It is assumed that young people who would be interested in such a school would come, to a large extent, from homes where the Bible would be a known book. Yet out of 184 students tested, 87 could not identify the Book of Revelation, 82 could not identify Daniel, and 63 failed to identify David.

About the time the Monmouth students were being given their twenty questions on the Bible, an editorial writer for a San Francisco paper came across the results of a test on Biblical literacy given to undergraduate students in a large university. The editor was so surprised at the published findings that he burst forth in print. His concern was patriotic. "How," he asked, "can our nation endure when the young people of the land are ignorant of the fountainhead from which the principles have risen which have made our nation great?" It took many lines of closely set type to convey the concern of the San Franciscan over the Biblical illiteracy to be found in the United States.

A few weeks ago a quiz was given the adult Bible classes in one of our churches. It was the beginning of a new quarter's studies in the International Lessons. The quiz sought to determine the degree of knowledge possessed by the class members of the chronological relationships of the outstanding figures in the history of the Hebrews from the time of Moses to the time of the kings. From the reluctance to make the scores known it could be seen that those who had been in Bible School attendance for years had a very hazy grasp of the way in which the history of the Covenant People has unfolded.

Several months ago a boy of twelve appeared at the door of a retired United Presbyterian minister. His knock was answered by the daughter in the home. The youngster asked for the minister. When told that he was out, the boy appeared to be terribly disappointed. As he turned to leave, the minister's daughter asked if she might be able to help out in any way. "No, I don't suppose so," the boy replied. Then he went on to explain that he was trying to find the Ten Commandments in the Bible. He just wanted to read them. However, he had not been able to locate them. He had asked any number of people for the location of the Commandments but none had been able to give the answer. Someone had pointed out that a retired minister lived nearby and perhaps he might be able to tell the boy where to find the laws God gave to Moses. The minister's daughter told the boy she thought he would find the Ten Commandments in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. The young fellow whipped out his Bible, turned to the designated chapter and was thrilled to find that the Commandments were there. He went down the street reading God's law still somewhat amazed that someone other than a minister could locate the passage for him.

Every year statistics support the claim that the Bible is the best-selling book in the United States. In nearly every home one will find a copy of the Scriptures some place. Yet college-age young people, even after receiving medals for regular Bible School attendance, display an alarming ignorance of the Bible. An inquiring twelve-year-old has to turn to a Christian "professional" home in order to find the location of the foundation of all our Amer-

ican laws. Why are these things true?

There is no one answer. For too many people the Bible has become just a charm or a fetish. This attitude was evident during World War II when manufacturers placed the New Testament between steel covers and advertised that if one carried that New Testament in the shirt pocket over the heart it would almost eliminate the possibility of death in battle. In that type of thinking the Bible becomes a kind of good-luck piece, a rabbit's foot. This attitude is one reason for the abysmal ignorance of the American people of the message of the Bible. No light can come from the Word of God unless it is permitted to enter the mind. "Wearing the Bible" as a charm does not guarantee that entrance.

For others the Bible has become just a symbol. It meant much to their fathers and mothers. The "Faith of the Fathers" was strong. There is a respect for that faith. It is symbolized by placing the family Bible in the living room. There it is faithfully dusted and studiously unopened. Perhaps the family tree has been kept in the Bible. When Brother George and family come over for a visit and conversation turns to the family history, the Bible is then taken up and opened to the record of births and deaths. It is mighty fine to have that old family Bible around. But again the Good News contained in that Bible, the news that God so loved that He sent His Son, is missed because the primary concern is for news about when Aunt Tillie (never missed church for forty years, they tell me) was born.

Another reason for the Biblical illiteracy in the United States is to be found in the fact that many have taken up the Bible to read it and have received nothing from the experience. There are several reasons for this failure. The words of the Bible do not always leap out at the reader. Sometimes they do, especially if one reads during a crisis. But this is not always the case. Too many seem to feel that it should be. Reading the Bible requires effort. To secure anything of value calls for application of mind and energy. Yet many feel that while reading a book requires effort and preparing a chemistry assignment calls for sweat, the Bible should do all the work in making its message known. The Holy Spirit is powerful but He does not short-circuit the God-given abilities with which man is endowed. The difficulty here is seen in the attitude that the Bible is a good book. "A-verse-a-day-will-keep-the-devil-away" approach leads one to snatch up the Bible at the close of day, open it anywhere, read the first verse that comes to the eye, and then tumble into bed vaguely wondering why the reading didn't do something startling. Disappointed, the one who takes this approach soon gives up. But he places the failure to understand upon the Bible when the blame rests upon himself.

The changes in the English language explain some of the Biblical illiteracy in the United States. When one reads Shakespeare he depends unhesitatingly upon the foot-notes to understand the meaning of words used back in the seventeenth century. Many of the words have been dropped from present day vocabularies. Others remain but have changed in their meaning. The King James Version of the Bible was prepared at the time Shakespeare's work was being published. To understand all the words, we should have foot-notes or else have a translation in twentieth century English. This is not to say that the message of salvation is dependent upon the correct understanding of every English word used in the Bible. Yet for many that message is not known because of the language difficulty. The new Revised Standard Version will present the Bible in twentieth-century English.

Many more reasons could be given for the Biblical illiteracy in the United States. The fact of such illiteracy has been established. Today great progress is being made in reducing general illiteracy in our world by Dr. Frank Laubach as he carries on his program of "each one teach one." In the final analysis, the Bible would be better known if each one who knows it as a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path would share that knowledge with another. One of the best ways to learn is to be placed in a position where one has to teach. There is nothing which has greater importance for man than the meaning of the Bible for it is written that "you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have *life* in his name."

Our Mountain Missions

By WILLIAM A. HEAGEN, Superintendent of Ezel School, Ezel, Kentucky

TO many the name Kentucky means lush fields of blue grass waving in the breeze; beautiful women—of whom we have quite a few; and fast horses, that are a thrill to see. The mention of Kentucky mountains suggests sun-bonnet ladies rocking on a cabin door-step or perhaps some character like "Little Abner" made famous in a comic strip. We may have all this, but we have much more.

We have a people of courage and character—a people as good as can be found anywhere in America. We are a good people from good stock, sons and daughters of the people who built America.

But after we've said this, we have, as one of our Kentucky leaders has said, a flat feeling. This is not enough. The facts, the sad facts, show that our adults are not well educated and not even our children are receiving a good education. Our people should be as well educated as our neighbors across the Ohio, the Mississippi or the Big Sandy—certainly as well educated as our neighbors in the southern states.

Fifty years ago Kentucky was first in the South in industrial pay rolls. Its educational system ranked high. It was a famed cultural and world-trade center. Kentucky came to this eminence honestly, as a result of the work of early pioneers. The builders of Kentucky led in more than the conquering of the wilderness. They pioneered also in various fields of health and social welfare. As early as 1900 Transylvania University had one of the best medical schools in the nation. In 1809 Dr. Ephraim McDowell, one of Kentucky's representatives in the nation's hall of fame, performed the first ovariotomy. Even in 1802 Dr. Samuel Brown, a classmate of McDowells at Edinburgh, had vaccinated more than 500 people in Lexington, before vaccination had been used in New York.

In short, the leadership which pioneers gave to Kentucky had concerned itself not only with economic problems but with problems of health, education and welfare.

But as early as the '40s Kentucky had come upon sorry days. Conditions in education were especially deplorable. Most people will agree that every child should be given at least an elementary education. Yet while ninety-five out of every one hundred in our nation were getting an elementary education only sixty-three out of every hundred in Kentucky were getting this basic privilege. More than one child in three was deprived of this simplest schooling. Seven out of every eight who started to high school never reached graduation. What a tragic loss of potential leadership for both Kentucky and the nation!

To reveal the situation in Health, Agriculture and Industry would only help to make a more gloomy picture. Nor do these facts show how good some school situations in Kentucky are nor how bad others are. For although the general situation of Education in Kentucky as revealed by statistics is low, some of our counties rank high even compared with the national average. The "Committee for Kentucky" and other groups working together have helped to better these conditions according to the 1951 figures.

Frenchburg and Ezel Helping in Two Counties

In one Kentucky county, one of its smallest counties and lowest in assessable income, where there is no other high school, our Women's General Missionary Society maintains a fine high school for the county as well as a grade school for the village of Frenchburg. In a section of the adjoining county where there is no adequate elementary school or high school we have our other Mission school at Ezel. Here at Frenchburg and Ezel the WGMS maintains not just two twelve-grade schools but two Christian Training Centers for beginners through high school. What a tremendous opportunity we have as we work with over 850 boys and girls in the two schools.

We encourage our county boards of education to do all they can to help themselves. And this they do within the limits of their restricted county budgets. Both county superintendents give full cooperation. Assistance is given in teachers' salaries and transportation and in vocational teachers.

It is no small task to find teachers for the two schools. This is one of the most difficult tasks assigned to the superintendents. Teachers come to Ezel and Frenchburg because they wish to serve. Much hard work is entailed, but in it there are many blessings. The women of the United Presbyterian Church have been loyal in supporting the work in the two schools.

For some time, however, we have not been able to fill our staff vacancies except in part with volunteers from our own denomination. So we have welcomed those with a real missionary spirit from other church bodies. We sometimes wonder how many United Presbyterians know what opportunities for Christian service may be found in our two mission schools in Kentucky.

It is encouraging to look at some of the achievements of Frenchburg and Ezel Schools. Each school maintains standards in compliance with the state Department of Education so as to be rated Class A High Schools. Two large classes were graduated from high school last May: forty-one at Frenchburg and twenty-one at Ezel. At the same time, larger eighth grade classes were promoted to high school. Frenchburg High School has the larger enrollment in the upper grades while Ezel has its greatest enrollment in the six elementary grades. So the total enrollment in Ezel slightly exceeds that at Frenchburg.

A glance to the back of your *Women's Missionary Magazine* will show the lists of staff members at the two schools. You will also find them in your *Prayer Cycle*. What a privilege to serve with such a consecrated group. Have you ever thought of serving with us? What about your daughter, your son; have you told them about this opportunity for Christian service? If they heard the "call" to serve in the mountain field, would you gladly give them up?

We were happy this summer that two of our boys in F.F.A. made "State Farmers." One was rated a Star Farmer at the F.F.A. camp. That same week one of our 4H Club representatives won a blue ribbon for public speaking at the State Week at University of Kentucky. No doubt you read about Frenchburg's Debate Team going to the semi-finals in the state contest and Ezel's Chorus singing in the state musical festival.

Then there are the graduates: At least two United Presbyterian pastors received their first schooling in these schools. There are outstanding doctors, both M.D. and Ph.D. Not a few have taught in the schools of ours and adjoining counties and states. Some have come back to help teach in Ezel School and we look forward to the day when others will come back to aid in the education of our own people.

We think you would enjoy a visit to Frenchburg and Ezel. Frequently friends from the church do stop by to see us. Some find former friends they have met as U.P. Caravaners or in the Youth Fellowship or the Missionary Societies of our church. Last commencement time Miss Ruth Bemis, who has taught at both Frenchburg and Ezel for a total of thirty years, was honored when her children, the many who have been in her room, "rose up and called her blessed." At the Convention at Detroit she was awarded the "thirty-year pin" by the Home Secretary.

As you visited Ezel you would find some of the teachers in the Teachers' Home; others would be in the cottages also owned by the mission. Almost all Ezel's students are day students and either walk to school or come on the school buses. There are no student dormitories.

At Frenchburg you might visit the large student family in the dormitory and enjoy a meal with them in their lovely dining room. You would find the teachers living in the large Teachers' Home, in dormitory, or in homes on campus or in the village.

The only United Presbyterian churches in the state of Kentucky are in Frenchburg and Ezel. At Frenchburg you would find Rev. James Eddy in the study of the beautiful brick church on the highway just off the school campus and in the little county seat town of Frenchburg. The local congregation is now planning a new parsonage on the property next to the church. If you went on the fifteen very twisted miles to Ezel you would see the spire of the Ezel church before you came into the village. It is located on the hill just above the village and school. Just below the church you would find the parsonage which has been vacant for three years but which now is very much alive with the family of Rev. and Mrs. Homer C. Haines and their two boys: Homer and Wilmer. We welcome friends traveling through the southland to worship with us.

The work of the WGMS does not stop with these fine schools and community churches. Also at Frenchburg, serving this one county and a large portion of two others, the WGMS have a lovely little, modern well-equipped hospital and staff of Christian nurses and technicians. These, together with a young Christian doctor and his wife, who have already won a place of love and esteem in the community, serve the many homes of our people who otherwise would not be reached by medical care.

Thus the women of the United Presbyterian Church are helping to provide, to encourage and to develop leadership in this area of the foothills of Kentucky's eastern mountains: leadership — spiritual, educational and in health for better living.

The Most Recent Expansion

By MRS. EDGAR B. MURDOCH, WGMS Secretary of Mountain and Presbyterial Missions

THE most recent Home Mission work assumed by the Women's Board is the new hospital at Cedar Creek, Tenn. This is located in a United Presbyterian community largely made up of members of the Cedar Creek and Mt. Zion congregations, the Rev. John E. Powers being pastor of both churches. The American Board formerly operated a school at Cedar Creek with dormitories for boys and girls. Several years ago the Board gave up this work, turning the school over to the County and selling the dormitories which eventually came into the possession of the State. The girls' dormitory was then converted into a state hospital for tubercular patients and the boys' dormitory became the nurses' home. Recently the State constructed a large tubercular hospital near Knoxville and the patients at Cedar Creek were removed there, leaving that hospital vacant.

The community had long felt the need of a general hospital as there was none nearer than Greeneville, fifteen miles distant, so under the leadership of the Rev. Powers they petitioned the Women's Board to take over the hospital. After investigation and several months of negotiations with the State the hospital and contents were leased by the Board on very reasonable terms. The hospital was left almost completely furnished, patients' rooms and doctor's office well furnished and the X-ray room complete with fine X-ray table and equipment. The entire building was thoroughly disinfected and redecorated, walls and ceilings repainted, floors refinished and furniture treated. Precautions far beyond State Health Department requirements were taken so that future patients might be fully satisfied.

The Board is grateful to a group of Work Campers who, in July, under the leadership of the Rev. Powers and Mr. John Rock, spent ten days of hard work putting the buildings in good condition. Among other things they painted the exterior of the hospital, remodeled the old laundry and built a ramp at the hospital, and at the nurses' home put on a new roof, papered walls and converted part of the building into an attractive apartment designed for the doctor's home. They did many other things that might have been

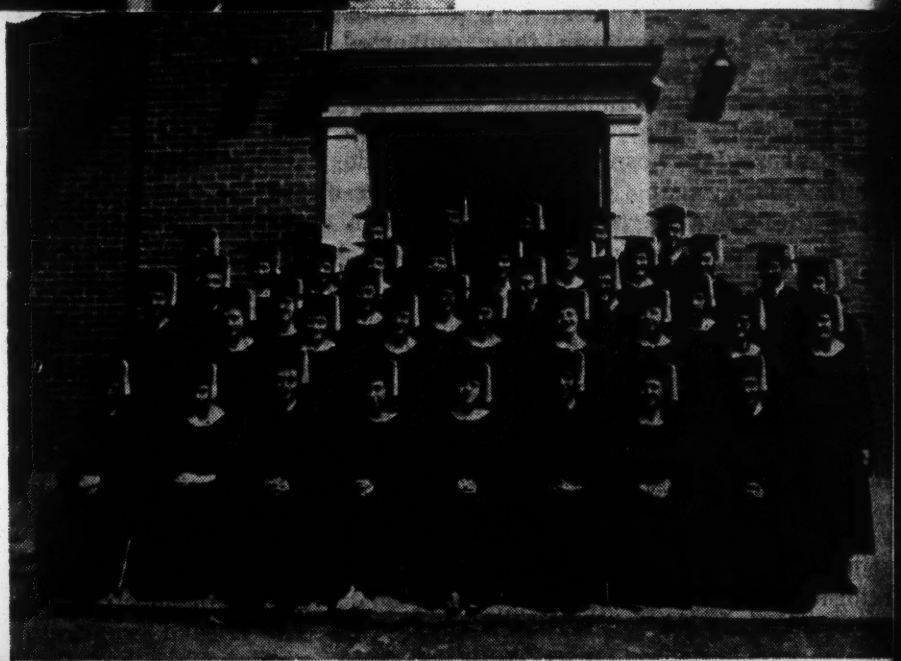
long delayed but for their generous help for which we are most thankful.

The hospital is now ready to go on to successful operation, an efficient supervisor in the person of Mrs. Lydia M. Hart, R.N., has been secured, an experienced maintenance man and a good dietitian, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Collins, are on the ground. Only one thing holds us back—the lack of a resident physician. We cannot accept patients needing a doctor's care until we have a physician on call. People come constantly to consult Mrs. Hart, to have her dress wounds, to ask for hospital care. She helps in many ways, all she is permitted to do, but we cannot admit patients until we have a doctor, although a few patients needing only routine care have been sent to us.

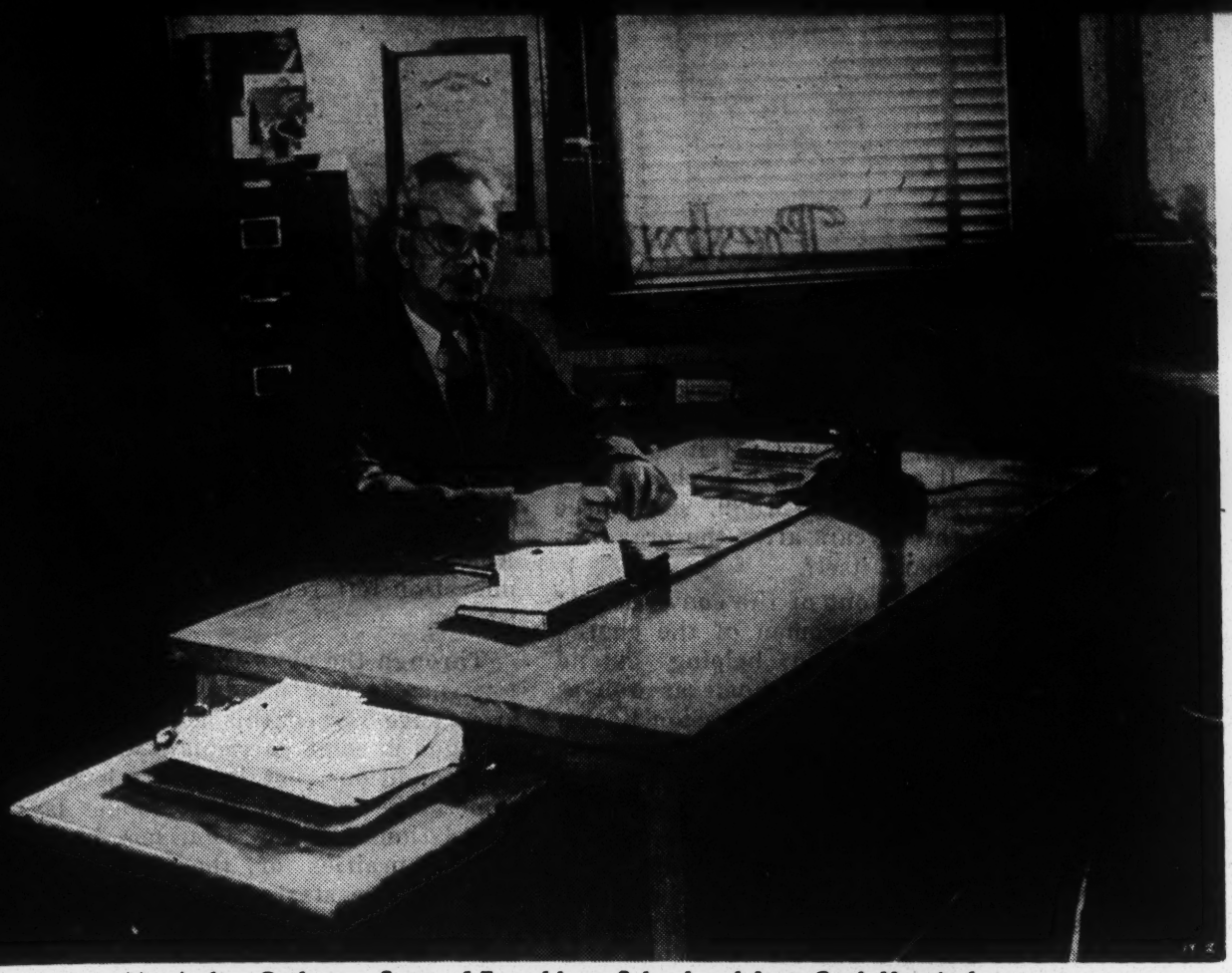
Here is a fine opportunity for a young Christian doctor just starting practice. The Board guarantees a certain salary until he has had time to build up a practice, provides an office in the hospital and in addition, furnishes an apartment rent-free for one year. He will have an excellent independent practice as there is no other physician within a radius of fifteen miles and the people are very anxious for a doctor in the community. Men who know the situation assure us that within a short time a physician would have a good practice and a fine income. Is there not somewhere a young Christian physician who will accept the call and opportunity for service down in the beautiful Smoky Mountains of Tennessee? Perhaps the reader can help us find him. Or perhaps an older doctor wishing a quieter life and a good income would answer our need. We pray that by the time this plea has appeared the Lord will have sent us the doctor we seek.

Student Council sponsored by Miss Alice Hesselink, standing on right.

The forty-one members of the largest class to be graduated from Frenchburg High School —May, 1952.



Future Farmers of America, sponsored by Mr. Fairel Bailey, teacher of vocational agriculture. A number of these boys have won state honors.



Mr. Arthur Gathman, Supt. of Frenchburg School and Jane Cook Hospital.

Frenchburg in Pictures

Junior and Senior High School Band sponsored by Mr. Odell Parrott, teacher of music, who is now in service but taught music in the school for two years.

Presbyterial Missions

By MRS. EDGAR B. MURDOCH, WGMS Secretary of Mountain and Presbyterial Missions

THERE is probably less known about the Presbyterial Mission work provided by the Women's Board than of most of its departments of work, and yet it is one of the oldest. It goes far back in the history of the WGMS, back to 1889, sixty-three years, only three years after the organization of the Board itself.

This work grew out of the conviction of the Board that the women of the church should be engaged in helping extend Christ's Kingdom here at home as well as in foreign lands. The Home Mission Board, as the Board of American Missions was then known, was consulted as to whether it would wish to have women engaged in home mission work. The reply was that it was quite willing "provided satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Women's Board for their support." A conference between committees of the two Boards resulted in regulations being adopted for the conduct of new work. Thus it was launched in the fall of 1889 with the appointment of the first Presbyterial missionary serving under the Women's Board. Miss Henrietta Brown was the first missionary and Portland, Oregon, the first mission station.

At first these missionaries were largely engaged in helping to start new churches, making a survey, forming a Sabbath School, gathering the people together for a preaching service, when a visiting minister could be secured, until sufficient progress had been made that a congregation could be formed and the Home Mission Board could take over and organize a Home Mission Church. Many of our strong churches today were begun in this way.

Again the missionary was sent into small, weak churches which had no minister, where she performed most of the functions of a minister, except administering the sacraments. That was sometimes the case also with missions which never grew into regular, independent congregations, she continued to hold aloft the light of the Christian faith in that community.

Later a new phase of the work was added. This was work among the aliens. It was largely in cities where many people from foreign countries had settled and to a great extent it was confined to women and children. It was not possible for pastors to visit women in the homes of many nationalities at that time as it was considered improper, so women missionaries were necessary and invaluable in bringing these women in touch with the church. This work was carried on for a number of years but discontinued several years ago when these aliens became naturalized American citizens and greatly reduced immigration left few aliens to whom to minister.

Through the sixty-three years of its history nearly one hundred women missionaries have served this department. It has changed in some particulars with the years and conditions, but in others is much the same. The missionary no longer lays the foundations for new churches, in sparsely settled prairies of the west, but new churches are started in new sub-divisions of cities, in rapidly growing additions to large cities, both in the east and the west where there is no church within many blocks. Here again, as of old, our missionaries go in, make surveys, perhaps start a Sabbath School and make ready for the starting of a church. Again our missionary may help all the churches of a Presbytery where there are small churches, serving a few months in each one in turn. Here she will also make a survey, inviting all within reach of that church to make it their church home. She will then turn the information over to the minister, enabling him to make direct contact with all who are interested, while she moves on to another field. New York Presbytery has such a worker. In New York city she contacts thousands who have never been within church walls; children who have never heard of a Sabbath School. Many turn indifferently away, but some are reminded of early training and promise to go to church. Such information enables the minister to find those who show interest and try to win them for Christ.

Some small, long-established churches suddenly find themselves almost engulfed by rapidly growing new additions with no other church near them. They feel their responsibility but have not the workers to attempt the task. Upon appeal to the Women's Board, through Presbytery, a worker is sent to them to help with just that one church. She visits every home with information and an invitation and

(*Continued on Inside Back Cover*)

Worship Service

By MRS. J. BOYD PATTERSON, Portland, Oregon

THEME
BIBLE PRAYERS

Opening sentence: "Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people" Prov. 14:34

Read: Daniel 9:3-6, Psalm 85

Sing: No. 278 in S. for C.W., or 280 in B.S.H.

We love to sing these beautiful lines of Katherine Lee Bates and our hearts swell with love for our native land and this is good. We believe in "our way of life"; during this particular month of November, 1952, we will use our right of suffrage and have prayed that God will guide us in our choices. But singing this lovely song and voting will not make our nation righteous, unfortunately. In II Chronicles 7:14 we read: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." Here is a program for the Christians of America; if we would heed these words we could truly make our land righteous, under God.

In *Committed Unto Us* written by Willis Lamont and studied and read by many of us is 1947 there is a frightening sentence: "On any Sunday morning at least one hundred million people in the United States do not attend church service." In the face of this it becomes our *duty* as Christian citizens to pray for national righteousness.

A few years ago in a midwestern farm journal there appeared an interesting list of things for which the author of a column was grateful: "We have wonderful crops . . we know how to read . . the war is over —sort of . . radio, air mail, long distance telephone . . sulpha, penicillin, DDT . . sunshine. Then there's air that smells of bonfires and dried corn leaves . . families . . homes . . letters . . friends . . coffee . . hot baths . . soap . . music . . humor . . patience . . fresh molasses . . haircuts." All of these things mean much to us all; they belong to our way of life. We *are* grateful, but they do not make a nation righteous either. What does? A nation will never be righteous, not really, until millions of the persons who live in it are righteous and so live that their homes are righteous. We usually think of Psalm 51 as David's prayer for pardon after his sin with Bathsheba but if enough of us as individuals could so live and pray with David, a new spirit of penitence, forgiveness, joy in His service, responsibility, peace and mercy would begin to be felt in our nation, churches and homes.

Read: Psalm 51:10-12, 15-17

All have heard the story of the man who set out to find the secret of America's greatness. He looked at the motto over the door of the Congressional Library, he visited churches, he was impressed with scientific progress but somehow he felt he had missed the secret. Then he went to spend the night with an old college friend. After the evening meal the father read from the Bible and the tall sons and daughters bowed with him in prayer. The traveler knew then he had found the secret:

"Four things in any land must dwell,
If it endures and prospers well:
One is manhood true and good;
One is noble womanhood;
One is child life, clean and bright;
And one an altar kept alight."

Author unknown

God grant that we may keep our altars alight!

A PROGRAM OF DAILY BIBLE READINGS

List compiled by Rev. Leslie B. Flynn

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Day	*Read all of*	*Or select:*
1	Luke 14-17	(Ch. 15)
2	Luke 18-21	(Ch. 19)
3	Luke 22-24	(Ch. 23)
4	John 1-3	(Ch. 1)
5	John 4-6	(Ch. 4)
6	John 7-10	(Ch. 10)
7	John 11-13	(Ch. 11)
8	John 14-17	(Ch. 17)
9	John 18-21	(Ch. 20)
10	Acts 1, 2	(Ch. 2)
11	Acts 3-5	(Ch. 5)
12	Acts 6-9	(Ch. 9)
13	Acts 10-12	(Ch. 10)
14	Acts 13, 14	(Ch. 13)
15	Jas. 1, 2	(Ch. 2)
16	Jas. 3-5	(Ch. 3)
17	Gal. 1-3	(Ch. 3)
18	Gal. 4-6	(Ch. 6)
19	Acts 15—18:11	(Ch. 16)
20	1 Thes. 1-5	(Ch. 4)
21	2 Thes. 1-3 Acts 18:12—19:10	(Ch. 1)
22	1 Cor. 1-4	(Ch. 3)
23	1 Cor. 5-8	(Ch. 8)
24	1 Cor. 9-12	(Ch. 10)
25	1 Cor. 13-16	(Ch. 15)
26	Acts 19:11—20:1 2 Cor. 1-3	(Ch. 3)
27	2 Cor. 4-6	(Ch. 5)
28	2 Cor. 7-9	(Ch. 9)
29	2 Cor. 10-13	(Ch. 11)
30	Acts 20:2 Rom. 1-4	(Ch. 3)

From American Tract Society

ANSWERS TO BIBLE READING QUESTIONS IN SEPT. MAGAZINE

211. Esther.
212. Esther 4:14.
213. Esther 5:10; 6:13.
214. Esther 9:13,14.
215. Esther 9:26-32.
216. Ezra 1:1-5.
217. Haggai 1:2.
218. Zech. 3:3.
219. Zech. 4:6.
220. Zech. 3:8; 6:12.
221. Zech. 8:5.
222. Ezra 9,10.
223. Neh.
224. Neh. 13:15-22.
225. Mal. 3:10.
226. Matt. 3:1,2
227. Matt. 6:33.
228. Matt. 9:18-20.
229. Matt. 10:1-4.
230. Matt. 18:21,22.
231. Matt. 27:3,4.
232. Mark 13:34,37.
233. Mark 16:1.
234. Luke 9:51-56.
235. Luke 12:23.

THROUGH THE BIBLE IN 1952
QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER

(*Luke* 14-24; *John; Acts* 1-20; *James; Galatians;* 1 & 2 *Thessalonians;* 1 & 2 *Corinthians; Romans* 1-4.)

236. What three parables about "lost and found" things are in the same chapter?
237. Who shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven?
238. With what did a certain nobleman entrust ten servants? What did each do with it?
239. Name at least five things Jesus did in the temple during the Last Week.
240. Who said, "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?"
241. What is theme of conversation between Philip and Nathanael?
242. How much did Jesus say God loved the world?
243. Complete: "Come, see a man, which told me all . . . . . ." Who said it?
244. To whom did Jesus say, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee"?
245. On what occasion did Jesus do a little writing with his finger?
246. When did Jesus pray, "Father, glorify thy name"? What answer?
247. Identify: Malchus, Caiaphas, Annas, Pilate, Barabbas.
248. What did two men in white say to the men of Galilee?
249. Who said, "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God"?
250. Who preached courageously a sermon on "stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears" . . . and shortly afterward said, "I see the heavens opened!"
251. How did the first two men ordained missionaries receive their call?
252. What is a man like who is a hearer but not a doer of the word?
253. Beasts, birds and serpents can be tamed, but what can no man tame?
254. What are the works of the flesh? fruits of the spirit?
255. Whose invitation to hospitality began with these words, "If ye have judged me to be . . . ?
256. Why did Paul abide with Aquila and Priscilla?
257. How did the Thessalonians receive the word from Paul?
258. Where found: "Ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of devils?
259. To what church did Paul write, "I robbed other churches . . . to do you service"?
260. Complete: "For I am not ashamed of . . . . . ." Where found?

Program Suggestions

The November Program will complete the suggested *Program-Calendar* study on Home Missions. The theme "Human Rights" should have brought into mission-study focus "all people regardless of age or sex, race or creed, class or national origin: Indians, Negroes, New Americans, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, miners, migrants, mountaineers, sharecroppers . . ."

For *Magazine* review and study topics it has seemed best to concentrate on *one* of these groups, hence *Human Crisis in the Kingdom of Coal* has been used for three months. Never before has our attention, through interdenominational study, been directed toward mining communities. Many words of appreciation have come favoring this selection.

However, lest we be unmindful of other minority groups, the *Reading Course* for 1952 offers choice selections of books giving a broad vision of groups other than those that mine our coal.

If you have not read *The World Is My Home*, a stirring and realistic novel about the trials and triumphs of new arrivals in the U.S.A., you are missing a real privilege. The writer, Ewald Mand, native Estonian, knows from experience the trials, fears and hopes of the "D.P.'s." Review it, make it available for young people. "Although this book carries a message and a purpose to its readers, it is neither dull, nor controversial, nor labored. The quality of the writing is rich and emotional; the characters are people, not just points of view walking around on legs." ($1.25, paper; $2.00, cloth.)

If you want a magazine-type book filled with incidents on basic human rights in America, read and pass around *How*. Stories to tuck in a missionary program,

in S.S., in sermons . . . (Price is only 50¢)

Accent on Liberty, as Reading Course readers know, is a book of true stories.

These three books are mentioned as background reading for a special climax program on the Human Rights theme. As many of these groups as you wish, or all of them, may be brought briefly into a demonstration, "Uncle Sam Comes to the Clinic." We pass on this "method" which was used successfully on the "Book-Taster Hour" at the Institute of World Missions, Chautauqua, N. Y. You may adapt it to your own needs.

Uncle Sam Comes to the Clinic

CHARACTERS, enlisted quickly, as is necessary in Summer Institutes, at Chautauqua were:

Hanger of the Sign—Dr. J. Earl Jackman, administrator of work in Alaska for Board of National Missions, Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.

Nurses—The "Taster-Hour Committee" Mrs. Barney N. Morgan, Mrs. George H. Allen, Jr., and your *Magazine* editor. Mrs. Morgan is author of the poem on the first page of this Magazine, also of one story in *Accent on Liberty*. One nurse may be a "doctor."

Uncle Sam—Rev. E. D. McKune, United Presbyterian minister.

Immigrant—Mrs. Frederick J. Forell, herself a refugee and co-director, with her husband, of the Newcomers Christian Fellowship, N. Y., sponsored by several denominations.

Negro—Mrs. Horatio S. Hill, Baptist, from N. Y. City, who spoke on behalf of her own people.

Indian—Mrs. J. Earl Jackman, wife of "Hanger of the Sign."

Migrant—Mrs. Caseber, member of Houston, Pa., U.P. Church.

Miner—Dr. Barney N. Morgan, chairman, Chautauqua Institute Committee; former missionary, and now secretary for the West Indies, Board of National Missions, Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.

SETTING: "Human Rights Clinic." Properties simple; table and a chair for patient are sufficient.

—Courtesy of "The Chautauquan Daily"

The Hall of Missions where "Uncle Sam Comes to the Clinic" was presented.

NO COSTUMING is needed, however, Uncle Sam should have head bandaged and arm in sling. He may have small American flag in lapel to identify him, but avoid grotesque caricature. White paper caps for nurses, sufficient. Other characters may wear something distinctive, if wish.

INTRODUCTORY SONG: "America, the Beautiful" (Vision of America as we wish our land to be)

(*Enter Nurses*)

HANGING OF THE SIGN:

This Clinic for humanity
Is open now—and it is free;
The nurses and the doctor wait
—Well, look who's coming through the gate!

(*Enter Uncle Sam, head bandaged, arm in sling, limping with cane, seemingly in great pain. Nurses help him to chair, try to make him comfortable and inquire solicitously about him.*)

SYMPTOMS

Uncle Sam reveals to nurses that he has headache, painful eyes, bad hearing, is crippled, arm doesn't function right, has bad dreams, heart condition, etc. . . . Nurses are confused as to the cause of so much trouble at once, and the fact he is still alive. Part of his "symptoms" are visualized as characters appear, one after another, to tell what is wrong, from their viewpoints, with Uncle Sam:

IMMIGRANT (*as given by Mrs. Forell*): *My* heart is burdened with all of the immigrants and D.P.'s who come with high hopes at the invitation of you, Uncle Sam, and find when they get within the "Golden Door" of admittance, there is no one to help or care for them.

Imagine, during the last few years, an average of 200,000 came in each year and many of these were stranded because the sponsor failed, some because of sickness, and many because during the time of waiting their financial circumstances had changed and they were no longer able to accept the responsibility.

Sometimes the D.P. fails because the scars of suffering have not healed—these scars the aftermath of what he had to go through. For instance, a little girl who had been hungry all her life arrived in this country and we found out she was nearly blind because of the lack of food.

I think, Uncle Sam, you should do something to carry these people over these first desperate days and weeks. We, in the Newcomers Christian Fellowship, are not strong enough to bear the whole burden, although we try our best to do what we can.

NEGRO (*as given by Mrs. Hill*): James Truslow Adams, in his *Epic of America*, states that the most significant contribution our country has made to the world is the great American dream of democracy. To some of Uncle Sam's children in many sections of our fair land this dream has been a nightmare.

"And somehow it was borne upon my brain,
How being dark, and living through the pain of it,
Is courage more than angels have."*

How can Uncle Sam sleep well when his children who wear the "shroud of

*Cullen, Countee, "Color."

color" in the American scene are burdened with the following bad dreams in reality throughout their daytime hours?

1. Residential segregation, restrictive covenants, gentlemen's agreements, making physical and spiritual ghettoes.
2. Denial of the opportunity to work at the task for which they have skills.
3. Lack of adequate educational, hospital and medical facilities and services.
4. In many sections, denial of the right to vote.
5. Denial of the right of protection of life and property. Lack of justice in the courts.
6. "Jim Crow" accommodations for which first-class fare is paid.

(*The actual speeches of other characters are not available, but you may find material in books listed above. The demonstration by Dr. Ross Snyder, p. 73, may be adapted for miner, also p. 67 of this Magazine; character from mountains may be added, pp. 77-81*)

DIAGNOSIS

The three nurses comment that these symptoms show Uncle Sam is growing hard-hearted, his bad dreams come from within, his affections are becoming paralyzed, his eye trouble though neither entirely near-sighted nor far-sighted, is not clear-sighted, he is crippled because of strikes, selfishness etc. . . .

PRESCRIPTIONS

Former speakers give remedies which if Uncle Sam will take diligently will make him healthy, strong, righteous, the symbol of a Christian nation.)

IMMIGRANT: Cheer up, Uncle Sam! I must tell you something. You look very much bruised and beaten up, but you have also many reasons to be proud. There is no country in the world where we immigrants and D.P.'s have such good prospects as we do here. All the other countries, and I have seen many, have as emblems, lions, dragons, tigers and other beasts. Only we in America have an Uncle to welcome us, and he is the best Uncle imaginable.

The thing that makes me so hopeful is that our experience has been that when we have to help in a special case there are so many "aunties"—fine Christian Church women—to whom we can turn and who never fail us.

So, we immigrants thank you from the bottom of our hearts! God Bless America, Land that I love!

EGRO:

Your return to normal health, Uncle Sam will be speedy if you diligently take the Christian solution to your problems. For the Negro tenth of your population it would mean—

1. Enforce the rulings handed down by the U.S. Supreme Court, making restrictive covenants unlawful. Begin this enforcement in Washington, D.C.

The "Book-Taster Hour" had youthful assistants also. Left to right, back row: Betty Jean Caseber, Carol Jean Sayre, Ted Broad, Grace Broad; front row: Carol Sayre, Billy Caseber, Billy Sayre, Mary Sayre. Some are costumed for a preview of "America for Americans" (See Sept. Magazine). The younger Sayres, accompanied by their mother, sang from "The Whole World Singing." Dr. Leslie Sayre, their father, is author of "Africans on Safari."

2. Make it possible for every citizen to do the work for which he or she is trained regardless of race, creed, color or national origin. Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey have found their anti-bias laws most effective.

3. Outlaw segregation in schools and colleges, making available to all qualified persons the facilities we now have. Non-segregation at the graduate level has been successfully accomplished in most of the southern states, and there has been no bloody revolution as a result.

4. Give the same freedom and equality at the ballot box as is given at the income bureau.

5. Give protection to life and property and equal justice in the courts. Step in to give this protection when the individual state fails in these duties and obligations.

6. Make compulsory "Jim Crow" travel accommodations illegal wherever first-class fare is paid.

7. We who bear the name of the lowly Nazarene must help Uncle Sam by being articulate when these Human Rights are denied. We must diligently put our own house of Brotherhood in order.

(*Uncle Sam shows great improvement. Through brief conversation among Nurses and Uncle Sam, conclude and exit.*)

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By MRS. DUNCAN C. HENRY, Gorei, Ethiopia

FAR to the south of Ethiopia a little dark-colored girl was playing happily on the way to the spring of clear water. She was to bring a pot of water for her ailing mother. Just what the sickness of her mother was, no one knows, but the child had a heavy load of responsibility. She had to carry the water, make the simple food, and pick up wood for the fire. But she was happy, for the sun was warm and her father was as kind to her as he knew how to be.

There was one great dread. However, she managed to shrug her little shoulders and drop that dread. For though she had been repeatedly warned of "slave raids," she had never seen anyone who would harm a child. So her thoughts wandered away to the good things of her life.

On she went, singing her "made-up" songs as children all over the world make songs when they are happy. She did not see the creeping shadows in the long grass. The shadows of bad men, waiting to see people go to their gardens or into the forests for wood.

A dirty hand over her mouth cut the song short. She was carried swiftly back among the trees, gagged and tied. She did not see these men run through the village, catch her father and, more merciful than they knew, end the suffering of the mother. Soon others were brought under the trees. She saw her father and cried out to him, but he was tied and could not come. Chained together, the men and strong women, the boys and girls, were forced along the path away from their homes and villages. Days of walking passed. The little ones were weakened and the less strong left by the roadside to die.

Tired beyond feeling, Mamettee dragged herself on and on. The whole world was one great blank, with only the heavy lifting of feet and the slow putting them down again. The beautiful sunshine was a torment as she became more thirsty and hungry. A little parched grain was thrown to them morning and evening. As they walked across the water in the streams they lapped up what they could. Finally Mamettee could not get to her feet; almost beyond thinking, far beyond weeping, for she had wept all her tears before, she tried to get up as the whip lashed out at her.

It happened in a village; slave drives were so common that no one of this village could stop the custom. They looked with pity, thankful that *they* were not beaten. One man finally said, "What will you let me have the girl for? She is too weak to go farther, and I need a slave girl. What is your price?"

For a mere pittance Mamettee was sold. Her days of walking were past, and she lay almost as one dead for days. But the human body can stand more misuse than seems possible. Gradually strength returned; gradually she forgot the terrible days. The memories of her mother and father faded into the background.

Her new master was not a bad man according to the standards of his time and place. He had slaves but he gave them enough to eat and a hovel in which to sleep when the rains came. He demanded work, but not too long or difficult, and there were hours when she could sit in the sun and walk beside the beautiful river and under the trees. The sunshine became beautiful again.

An ache remained when she thought of her father and mother, but some of the older slaves were good to her. Mamettee grew into a strong young girl, ready to smile and

laugh if there were anything to smile or laugh about.

She did not really love him—this slave man to whom she had been assigned. But he was not bad to her and soon she knew that a little one was on the way. Eagerly she awaited his coming. With joy she finally held in her arms a wee, dark son. All the world was beautiful for she loved him so much!

Another long journey loomed ahead. The master, a government official, was transferred to Gorei in the same province. Gorei, set on a mountain top, where the rainfall is so abundant that the grass and trees are almost always green; Gorei, where many undreamed-of happenings were to come to her.

As she walked her arms became tired, but the way did not seem long, for there was no lash of the whip and the feet and legs were those of a strong young woman. The joy of caring for her son made hardships possible. Again she sang; not the songs of childhood, nor of religion, but the antiphonal songs of the people as they travel the roads.

Her days passed. The dark son was named Alito. Why that name? She only knew that it sounded good to her ears. One day Alito came running to say that some strange people had bought the big house next to their master's place; strange people who sang and said queer things. Then a doctor came who cared for sick people, and finally—a light-haired, fair nurse. How Alito loved that nurse! She was everything beautiful and she told wonderful stories about God who loved even dark little boys, and a man named Jesus, who loved them and had died for them. Gradually the stories found a resting place in the heart of the boy. As he told them to the slave mother she found a strange happiness in listening. She began to understand that though the different missionaries came and left, their stories were the same. They loved her because Jesus loved her. Slowly the truths of the *old, old story* found a place in her life. She accepted Jesus, the Christ, as her Saviour and God as her Father.

They told her that she was no longer a slave, for the great and kind Emperor Haille Selassie I, far away in Addis Ababa had decreed that all slaves should be free. She might remain in the little hut against the wall of the mission compound, but she had to find her own food, clothing and repairs for the house. Her master died and his children moved away. She planted coffee trees around her house and raised chickens that she might sell eggs. Alito, now a big boy, went to the mission school and in the evenings told his mother as much as she could understand. It was good to see his dear black face much like hers light up with her smile.

So freedom brought worries but the love for the lad and her Saviour kept her happy. Alito was not always a good boy but she loved him. He followed the beautiful nurse everywhere he could. It must have made a wonderful picture, the blue-eyed, light-haired, trim, clean young woman and the usually dirty, very black little boy. One day, with her permission, he followed into the clinic to help the doctor and nurse.

Again changes came. The missionaries hurriedly packed their clothing and went down the Gambeila road, for they had been warned that an enemy would soon be in Gorei. Other strange men came with a gospel, not of love, but of force. Many Gorei boys were slain. Alito went to Addis Ababa and she was alone. The slain ones were gone and Alito was gone, too. No one knew where, or even whether he were alive.

Five years of trouble and fighting —then a new nurse came with the keys and opened the mission houses, took care of the sick and told the Jesus-story. She did not look like the other one for her eyes and hair were dark, but she loved Jesus too,

Mamettee, now Hada Alito, (mother of Alito), did not forget her son but her heart began to sing songs again. She loved the one Alito had taught her, "Jesus Loves Me." Her gay smile and merry jokes helped many along life's way.

As her sight began to fail, she had another joke. The missionary in charge of the women's prayer meetings found it hard to walk on the stony road, and Hada Alito found it hard to see her way. So she became the missionary's crutch and the missionary was her eyes as they went to the prayer meetings. On Sundays she brought neighbor children to Sunday school. She became the neighborhood baby sitter, and the children adored her.

Two years ago the light in the eyes failed entirely, but the Sayo mission doctor restored partial sight to one eye with an operation. One day sitting quietly on our porch she said, "I do not know what to do. I can no longer do what is necessary for my living and I do not want to beg." We helped her in various ways. When we went to Addis Ababa for a meeting we heard that her son was a clinic aid in the eye hospital. We went to see him, and found him anxious to hear of his mother. We thought she would be happier in her own home so he gave us money for her.

We told her of his important work and that he loved her and had sent money for clothes and food. She took it but only a little at a time. I did not know until long afterward that she did not believe that we had seen him. But she asked, "Was Alito lighter or blacker than I am?" "Blacker," we answered. "Then Alito must be alive for if you had not seen him you would have said that he was lighter as that is the polite way to talk."

After our recent furlough it was apparent that some solution must be found. She had tried having women live with her in the tiny house, but it did not work. We, of the mission compound, were paying for her house repairs (such a terrible little hut, open to rain and weather) and for her food. But that was not enough; she could no longer live alone. One of our mission group was going to Addis Ababa and would be followed three days later by our exangelist. We bought her ticket, and when the telegram came, "Alito happy to receive mother," we sent her to Addis Ababa with our evangelist.

Our missionary met the plane with Alito. Hada Alito was still bothered. Who was this large man who tried to kiss her and called her mother? The missionary told her that it was Alito, but no, her son was slender and not like this; but wisely she asked to feel his head and found an old scar behind his ear. She asked many questions which only her son could answer. Suddenly dropping to her knees she kissed the feet of everyone within reach, sobbing, "It is my son, my son Alito. My son, my son, Alito." In a two-wheeled cart Alito took his mother to her new home.

We miss Hada Alito in Gorei, especially at prayer meetings and Sabbath services. But last week a letter came, written by someone else. "I have a new bed; I have a new dress; my son's wife is very good to me; he helps me get to church; long years ago I had the sight of my eyes but I was then BLIND. Now by the grace of God, though I am blind, I CAN SEE. Since I have the joy of knowing my Alito again, I shall be happy to go to our Father's home when He calls me."

Brave, merry, simple Hada Alito, we shall not forget you as long as there is one in Gorei who knew of your love for the son who was lost for 18 years, and for whom you prayed every day for those long, lonely years. May God make the rest of the way easy for the tired heart.

Mrs. Henry went to Ethiopia with her husband from the Goldfield, Iowa, congregation in 1922. Besides carrying the responsibilties of the wife of an evangelistic missionary, she has given many hours to teaching.

Mrs. Henry is co-editor (with Miss Isabel Blair) of "The River of Life in Ethiopia" available from Literature Dept., 904 Publication Bldg., 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Memories and Meditations

Adult Education ~ A Personal Experience

By MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, Editor Emeritus, Santa Monica, California

THE very first evening I was in India, a few years ago, I was with a group of missionaries. In the course of the conversation, someone mentioned the name of Dr. Laubach, who had visited India a short time before. At once I was alert. I had had a rather close acquaintance with Dr. Laubach in the Florida Chain of Missionary Assemblies. This organization, as many know, brings speakers drawn from all denominations to present mission work all over the world. The speakers are assembled in centers and sent by pairs or groups to neighboring communities throughout the whole state.

For several days it was my good fortune to be "teamed" with Dr. Laubach, and I heard him time after time explaining the system of Adult Education and reporting successes in many areas. He had been in India and, with the assistance of missionaries, had worked out some lessons which were already being used in our mission area.

For many years missionaries had gone with the message of the Gospel to various parts of India. For centuries the masses of India were, and still are, illiterate. While there had been education for a privileged minority, the millions on millions had received no teaching whatsoever, and in cases where men and boys were taught, women were not given an opportunity to learn.

I asked my friends if our particular area had had contact with this system of adult education. The answer was "Yes". Then I asked if a booklet had been prepared. Immediately someone produced the Primer. *Ilm de Kunji*—Key of Knowledge. I took the large yellow booklet in my hands; opening it, I exclaimed, "I can read it!" Here in this part of India the Arabic script is used. I had had the experience, years before, of studying the Arabic language in Egypt. I could read the Punjabi words, though I did not know their meaning.

Dr. Frank Laubach teaching a young woman of India to read.

There were but three lines on the first page, and two pictures. I started to read: "Dara ik Rajah Si". It was immediately translated for me—simply, "Dara was a Rajah." "Dara the King was generous." "The grandfather of the Rajah was wise." These lines and pictures of the Rajah and Grandfather completed the information on that page.

As it is well known, Dr. Laubach's technique is that every one who learns to read should teach another. Being a stranger in India, and not knowing the language, who could I teach? The friends helped me by pointing out servants, some of whom were illiterate. I could not speak their language, but I could attract their attention by showing my little "Key of Knowledge." Pleased by its pictures, some of them stood still, looking at the picture as I "read" it to them. Some scorned my approach. I refused to be discouraged!

One day I had an unforgettable experience with "Adult Education." I was going alone on the train for a short distance. I sat in the coach, the only occupant for a time, before the train started. Then a sweet young woman got into the compartment and sat down exactly opposite me. Our eyes would meet occasionally. My heart was filled with many questionings: What was her religion? Was she Hindu, Sikh, Muslim, or, possibly, Christian?

By the time the train started I could repress my interest no longer. I had my little book in my handbag; I took it out, got up and went over to her side and sat down "Can you speak English?" I asked. No response. "Can you read?" I inquired, opening up my book and offering it to her. She simply shook her head.

By this time my missionary friends had taught me more words. I had written the translations in the little booklet, as well as their meanings: "The Dara was kind," "The Dara was generous." I could read several lines. The interest of this girl was intense. All too soon we came to the place where I had to change cars. As I left, I waved my hand and said "Goodbye." She responded with a smile.

Somehow, her sweet face comes often before my mind. I have wondered what she would tell her friends. Would she report that this woman could read but could not talk? Did she get enough interest to ask friends where one could get such a book? Would she find someone who could not only answer her questions, but could point her to the Book of Life?

The subject of Adult Education has been taken up by many missions all over the world among millions of men and especially women.

The nations of the world have come to place new value on education. In most cases they are lending assistance to this new system of teaching adults. It is difficult for many of us, who perhaps do not know a single person in our neighborhood who cannot read, to understand the depth of ignorance over the world where in a community perhaps just a few persons are literate. But it is cheering to know that some governments are ready to lend assistance to this project that will help lift their people.

In our church in Egypt Miss Davida Finney has been given the honor and responsibility of leadership in the Literacy program. Through her committee the work has progressed in a fine way. In the report of the past year seven one-day conferences have been held in six of the presbyteries. To aid pastors English Loan Libraries have been established.

One of the finest reports of Adult Education came from a group of women who were beginners. "The teacher was unusually fine for this work; he held the interest of three women who first began to read and led them along ahead of the rest . . . During the first year this group read the Gospels of Matthew, John and Mark and made a chapter study of the Gospel of Luke and memorized the 'Helen Gould' verses—509 in number."

In the last report sent out by the Committee on World Literacy is a short report of the Literacy work in North Africa mentioning the work of Miss Halana Mikhael of our own church.

In the case of Miss Halana Mikhail, extending the literacy movement in North Africa has truly been "from woman to woman." Davida Finney, a missionary in Cairo, has long been most interested in literacy and literature. She communicated her enthusiasm for this type of evangelism to Halana. Miss Mikhail helped Dr. Laubach make charts on his first visit in 1947. Then she went through Egypt organizing Christian women to teach the method. Later she started a campaign in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. In 1950, the United Nations Relief Works Administration asked Miss Mikhail to go to Gaza, where 200,000 Arab refugees are crowded. She started a literacy campaign there, aided solely by volunteer teachers.

A personal message came from Miss Halana recently (July 30) in reply to questions that had been asked. She was at the time confined in a hospital in Syria and sent her message through Miss Ethel Weed who was with her at the time. Her

physician gave a cheering report which we hope has been realized long before this time. She had been laboring among the refugees in Palestine.

Q. Are the refugees generally interested in learning to read?

A. Yes.

Q. Are older people as well as younger people interested in learning?

A. Yes.

Q. Do some or many begin and then drop it in a short time?

A. Some do; some continue.

Q. Do the younger people who learn to read usually continue?

A. Generally they do.

Then Halana added this pathetic line: "These poor people have no books, no money to buy reading material they so much want!"

The plan of Adult Literacy has been undertaken in some degree in all of our Mission fields. Ethiopia, with its various problems in establishing a Protestant Church has attempted to carry a small program. A new Amharic primer has been announced for this year. This is specially for the elementary classes in Adult Literacy. Other literature is being prepared.

There are schools for girls in Addis Ababa and Sayo.

In the South Sudan where we have a church, a hospital under the direction of Dr. Mary Smith, Adult Literacy has been introduced. Last year according to Miss Ray Huffman an adult literacy class was begun. Eighteen pupils started to take the course but only four finished it. However, there is a constant cry for reading matter from those who are already readers. Several stories have been prepared, also a cook-book.

As a result of the work of Dr. Heasty the Gospel of Mark is now in the hands of the people; The gospel of Luke, The Acts and the Gospel of John have already been printed.

In North Sudan there is a cheering report on Literacy. This is understandable in view of the fact that numbers of those who were pioneers when the Sudan opened and the church established had gone from the Christian church in Egypt and were already literate. Today great success in adult Literacy is reported among the Sudanese women.

Now we turn to the great field in Pakistan in which Adult Literacy has had some fine results. In a recent report in one area with an approximate population of 250,000 there were 21,500 literate adults. At least 775 had been made literate during the past year and 1,100 were under instruction. Similar results could be given of different districts. The percentage of literacy among Christians

"Each One Teach One" rolls out to the people. Miss Laura MacLachlan, Literacy Secretary of the Pakistan Christian Council, is the pilot.

Courtesy of World Literacy Committee

in Pakistan is 8% while that of the population is 5%.

A new step has been taken to advance Adult Education through an over-all organization. Our own Miss Laura MacLachlan has been chosen as the chairman of the committee—a high honor but a tremendous burden. She asks our prayers that she and her helpers may be given wisdom to guide in this task.

Miss MacLachlan has sent two short stories illustrating the failures met often but also the wonderful fruits in other cases. It is by no means surprising that not all beginners attain a degree of success. These two sketches from Miss MacLachlan illustrate the disappointments and the joys of this service.

Ramar Bibi, a teen-ager, joined the class of adults learning to read. Her keen mind enabled her to succeed more rapidly than some others. For a time she was faithful with her daily readings as her New Testament itself testified. As home pressure grew stronger, though, she became lax. It was then that Director Lal Din returned to the village to examine the class again.

"But Ramat Bibi, you joined the class in order that you might learn to read God's word and now you have become lazy. What has happened to change your mind?" queried Director Lal Din.

Somewhat troubled and ashamed, Ramat Bibi faltered, "People make fun of me. My parents can't read and they do not honor God, rather they wear the charms of the fakirs and the holy men. When they come begging, my mother gives them grain from our own small supply. They want me to revere them also. I can't worship them and also read the Book. My people constantly nag me about considering myself better than they as I have learned to read. They call me lazy too. I have to live with them so to keep peace I am not reading the Bible any more."

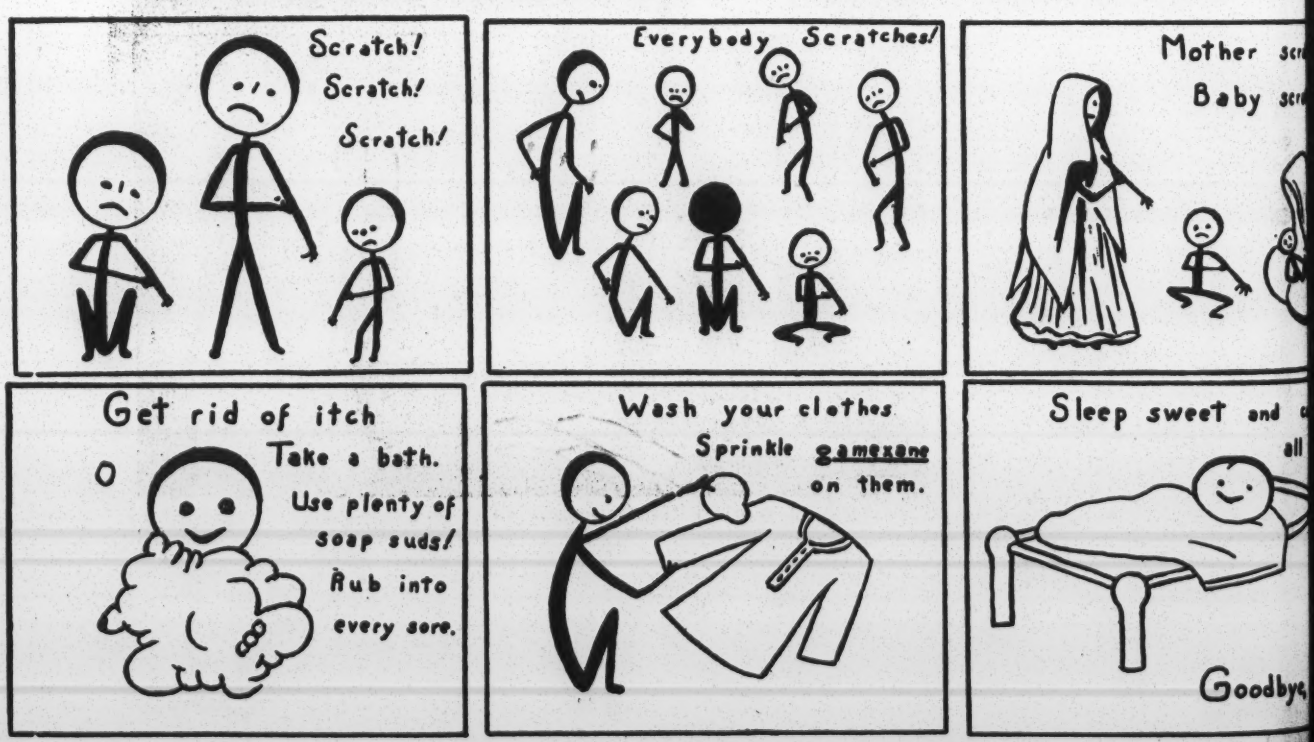
"MORE THAN CONQUEROR"

Throughout the church we are stressing that there is no longer any excuse for illiterate elders. Some ordained elderly elders have thus learned to read. For others it has been different, in that they have been required to learn to read as well as pass the regular course of training before being ordained. However, for some others we have the cart behind the horse as in the case of Fez.

Fez, also a teenager when he started to learn to read in 1948, had an unusual teacher. His teacher having been taught (himself) by the A B C method, and being also a trained teacher and an ordained elder, would have nothing to do with the Laubach or new phonetic methods of teaching. He was also in desperate need, so we agreed to pay him from relief funds for every pupil who finished the first primer and for succeeding books, as well, until the pupils had finished two Gospels and, if the teacher wished, letter writing, and simple Arithmetic, which would enable a man to keep accounts for his business. Although Elder Haveli's method required the students to take more time before learning to read the first primer, he had the ability to keep their interest keen. In other words, his teaching succeeded as few others have, as he has had a much higher percentage learn to read, as well as write letters and do Arithmetic.

Fez was one of his first students to succeed. Fez could read anything in Urdu or Punjabi that we carried with us for examinations when we first examined him. The next time he could write a simple though well-worded letter and do about second grade Arithmetic. Fez, being an ambitious lad and because his family was in need, decided to start a little shop. He borrowed relief money with the promise to pay it back on the installment system. He was one of the first to repay in full in our whole district, and on time. You see, Fez was a tither, and God was blessing him.

(*Continued on Inside Back Cover*)



Yeshie

By MISS MARGUERITE M. LIENARD, Sayo, Ethiopia

WE WERE sitting in the smoky little kitchen when she said it ing as the word of an ageless sage, but it gave me a clue to our graceful little Yeshie. Her name means "of a thousand", and as I looked at her that evening, so secure and happy in Him who loved her, I knew that she was one out of many thousands who still did not know. As she sat by the fire she simply said, "The Gallas, they don't know to do evil nor to do good. They know only to eat and to sleep." Could this once have been Yeshie knowing only to eat and to sleep . . . knowing nothing. No one as sensitive as she could have failed to know the things around her; but perhaps, her delight in the warmness of the sun and the security of her village had been so spontaneous as to be unremembered. She had known to take little offerings of butter on green leaves to the spirits that dwelt in the tall tree and she had feared the fierce spirit of the great mountain. But even these things had been forgotten when, through the intricacies of family connections she had been married to a young Amhara, a deacon in the Coptic church. At fourteen a wedding can be very exciting, and the implications rather vague. As the ceremonies were completed one by one she found herself far from the wide, beautiful lands of her father's village. Her new home was a house in the city, a city of corrugated iron roofs and mud walls, a city unashamed of its evil, its thieves, its pitiful beggars, its seeking women, a city with a strange language, and above all, a city of a new religion. Only the poor and ignorant fear spirits, she was told. She must now go to pray in the temples of holy George and holy Mary. Meekly she went, marveling at the pictures and the chanting and the drums, accepting without question the strange new words.

But now, neither the intricate iron cross which he carried nor the white turban which set him apart from other men could make her husband holy. How wretched he was as he came home night after night raging drunkenly at her, and how afraid she was. As one by one her children were born her fears for herself gave way to fears for them until the day she found herself alone. There was hope then until relatives came and took her children away, and then there seemed no end to her loneliness.

It was during the rains, that she came to us thinking she could lose herself among our children and be a child again . . . even perhaps, learn to read and to write. But she could not become a child and her little bare feet as she walked away in the rain seemed to spell out hopelessness. We could not bear that, so she was brought back for prayer and an hour of fellowship with the secure people. For days she came every morning reaching out little hungry hands for the Something she knew must exist. Then slowly the Light appeared to her. It was more wonderful than she could believe at first, for the Light was a Person who *knew* her . . . a Person who seemingly had shone on her alone . . . a Person who had shown her the way to the secureness of Himself. Here was no evil spirit who must be placated . . . no little god who demanded gifts in exchange for His Gift. He was truly a Gift and she received Him with a thankful heart. Had there been a better way for her He would have used it. Could she have been stronger or able to understand more with one less tear He could have saved her that. But she knew that He knew all about her

(*Continued on Page* 110)

I Was

The True

THERE was a knock on our door. Bill, my husband, opened it; and a man and a woman, not in police uniform, walked in. The woman took my little girl, Sheila, by the hand, put on her little blue coat and pink straw bonnet that I had bought her for Easter, and said, "Come, get in the car with us; we are taking you somewhere."

They could have been kidnapers for all we knew. Because we were helplessly drunk, we didn't resist or hesitate. We just got into the car with them, and I didn't realize until we stopped behind a jail that they were juvenile officers. My heart almost stopped beating when the woman took my little girl away as she held her arms out to me and cried for me. She was six and had never spent a night away from me in her life. I didn't know where they would take her, or what they would do to her. I didn't care what happened to me; I wanted my baby. I knew she was frightened and wanted me.

That very instant marked the beginning of my cure of alcoholism. The shock, the complete realization of what alcohol can and will do if permitted to take hold of a human being, gripped me. This thing had happened to me. It couldn't happen to me, but it did.

My husband went one way; they took my baby in another direction and me in another, up an elevator. Suddenly I found myself being locked behind jail doors, and though I didn't see my husband, I knew he was being locked in, too, and neither one of us was with our baby. It seemed that I could not bear it.

As I stood there with my hands grasping the bars, I looked out at the matron and pleaded for my baby. I begged her just to tell me where she had been taken. I felt as though my world had dropped from under me, and my whole life had ended. Every emotion, whether good or bad, is much intensified when one is under the influence of alcohol.

This addiction of mine hadn't just been acquired suddenly; it had be coming on for years. That is the i sidious way alcohol works on i victims. You hear it said, "Just a fe drinks now and then won't hurt an body." That is a mistake—it doe On some human beings—like me—it like a snake. But a snake, after co ing, strikes quickly and inserts th poison, and you either die quickly are treated quickly and get well. Wit alcohol it's coiling all the time, mayb years, without the victim's realizin it, until all at once with everythin gone from you, everything that fine, and there is nothing left, yo know you've been struck. That's th way I was that night.

The matron wouldn't tell me wha they had done with my child. I gue she thought I was too drunk to unde stand. I later knew she had been take to Juvenile Hall.

All that night other women pri oners were being brought in. Som were drunks, others were thieves, an a few were murderers—screamin and cursing—and I was among them I was finger-printed as if I were criminal, and the next day a pictur was made of me for the record. Bi and I were charged with contributin to the delinquency of a minor—an our own little girl was the minor.

Through all this mixture of peopl with their foul, vulgar language, though of Sheila's sweet brown eye and blond hair under a pink bonne Our baby had always been happy her little face continually in a smil As I lay there on that dirty bun blanket with the alcohol dying ou jumping every time I closed my eye I thought I had lost my darling fo ever, and what for? Because of m desire for alcohol. Then somethin happened to me, as if something ha taken hold of me; and deep inside o me it seemed to whisper, "I a stronger than you; let Me help you

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Alcoholic

"Alcohol's Trap"

Then my determination was made.

As I said before, this terrible addiction of ours had been coming on for years, and we had lost everything as a result of it. Bill and I were very young when we married, and soon after we decided to move to the West to make our home. We settled in a large city on the west coast.

In a short time Bill had a fine position with a large corporation, and as the years went by, we acquired many fine things: a spacious ranch home in one of the fertile valleys near the city, nice cars, and plenty of friends. This brought with it entertaining, going places, and I enjoyed it all.

But with it also came alcohol. Everywhere we went, we were served drinks. At every party we gave, we served drinks. With every trip, with every acquaintance, there would have to be a drink. At first I drank just to be sociable, because the others drank. As time went on, I learned to like it—then to expect it—to look forward to it—to wait for Bill to bring home a bottle for a cocktail, a highball. There would be beer on hot days, whisky both winter and summer, wine by the gallons. Then the next thing I knew, I found I couldn't do without it. I had to drink to be able to carry on. Bill was almost as bad. We both reached the point where we would drink alone—we felt too bad to give parties or visit friends, or to do anything but drink. For him there were days off because he felt sick and jittery.

I had waited a long time for my baby; I was forty-two when she was born. Some who read this will know the anguish I felt that night when I thought I had lost my baby forever. Before, and a year after she was born. I stopped drinking, but I still craved it. Gradually I started again. In less than a year I was as bad as ever, and Bill was the same. There were more days off from his work—then temporary suspensions from the company. Finally one day after he had been drunk at work, he was told he was no longer needed.

From then on we started losing everything we had. His new salary couldn't meet our obligations. The new car was sold, then the furniture piece by piece, and lastly, our house. Bill was sure he could make more money in a northern city in war work, so we went there. That was a mistake. We came back to our old city, and soon Bill had a good position. We found housing scarce, and we temporarily lived in a hotel. There is where we started drinking again—were reported and arrested.

The agony of my jittery and tortured nerves while the alcohol left my system is beyond description. Only those who have experienced this sickness know what it is like. The morbid desire for drink, and the remorseful, depressed, and lost feeling, with the mental faculties unbalanced—all these make sobering up difficult to endure. Yet with God's help I was able to surmount my misery. My baby's future was at stake, but without the help of God I don't think I could have ever overcome this sickness.

The humiliation of being in jail almost overwhelmed me. As I began to sober up and had plenty of time to think, I knew there was only one thing left for me to do—turn to God. I had prayed many times to overcome my weakness, but the prayers were seemingly not answered. Now I realize God works in mysterious ways. My prayers were answered the day I was arrested. Throughout that night and all the rest of the days and nights I spent in jail, I was in silent prayer for my child and that my addiction might be ended.

And so it was. That was seven years ago, and I've never wanted a drink since. My child was given back to me, and is now one of the most popular and brilliant girls in junior high. My husband has another fine position now and doesn't drink. God made me find myself.

NEWS FROM AFAR

Pakistan and India

MRS. R. R. STEWART, Editor, Rawalpindi, Pakistan

WHO WILL IT BE?

Dong! There goes that bell for the twentieth time today and what a silence! The more than 100 girls who have been playing in the court have gone into the seven dormitories to get ready for bed. No noise is allowed after that bell rings. Girls from other schools who come here have much to say about the strictness of Sangla rules and how they really like them, but one we do not have is that they play quietly. The rest of the 167 are in study hall.

In a few minutes study will finish and someone will bring the 8th class English grammar notebooks to be corrected. Who will it be?

Tall, lively Amina whose parents are well-to-do Muslims? Last July when her uncle came to take her and her cousins home to celebrate their big Feast Day she refused to go. "Go home for what?" she said. "Just to get the good eats? I can eat all summer vacation. The day after the Feast is our Bible exam and if I go I shall miss the special study hour the other boarders will have in preparation. I am not going." Incidentally the others were back from the village six miles away in a country tonga over country roads in time for the Bible exam at 7 a.m.

When Amina came back this fall she lamented that she had not been able to come to our Bible school because no girl came from her village. She was ready if any Christian girl from there had come. With feeling, she said, "And I have never been sent to any of the Christian Youth Rallies or conventions, and this is my last year here." We have our own reasons for not sending her but I do wish I had known her desire and I could have sent her to Sialkot Convention.

Will it be Martha, born to organize and get things done efficiently? She was awarded a government scholarship after a special examination in 5th. Due to a mistake in the office it was delayed and she received the first 18 months—72 rupees—all at once. When she was signing for it she asked me to put seven rupees away for her tithe. This fall she said I might use that tithe to send someone to Sialkot Convention. When asked if she would like to go she said she would but that it would not be right for her to spend her tithe money on herself. So I paid the expenses for another girl with hers, and Martha's myself and they went off gladly.

Martha and her sister Maryam have always lamented that because their family is the only Christian family in their village they cannot conduct junior societies, etc., in the vacation. But this year they took primers for adults along with the others and persuaded two young Muslim girls to become pupils. They came back beaming with the report that Miss Hill (Alice G.) was going to send her Bible teachers to continue the work, for they were far enough along to read the New Testament.

Will it be Bilqis whose parents heard the Christ calling, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," and left Islam to follow Him? Bilqis is a leader in all that is good and is naturally a very active girl. But she has to remember to be quiet because she has a weak heart. She missed so much school last year that she was not able to take the government 8th class examination and is determined to obey orders so she can take it this year.

Or will it be quiet Shamim who always dresses in silks? Her father is a Muslim. I was marking her sister's clothes, all silk, when Shamim said, "Actually my father does not believe in dressing us in silks. But he gets us whatever we want. "In her home there are servants to do all the work but Shamim and her sister are here although they were shown Muslim schools where there are servants. "We won't go there, we are going to read in Sangla." Here they take their turns at cooking and cleaning. They wash their own clothes and sew for the "Little Sisters" assigned them, just as the Christians do. The Christian fellowship has drawn them and they love the Bible. Once or twice meetings have been announced as "for Christians" but their pleading faces plus sometimes, "I am going, too" always make them welcome.

I wish we could tell of definite decisions but two who seemed rather near the Kingdom here, lost interest when they went elsewhere.

M. L. Murdoch

Egypt

MRS. W. J. SKELLIE, Editor, Assiut, Egypt

MY STAY IN THE HOSPITAL

What a wonderful thing it was to be back at school and to look forward to work on Monday. Absence helped me to realize what a joy it is to be at my work day by day.

Two weeks p r e v i o u s l y I had planned a supper at the fireplace for my girls of the kindergarten training department and the girls in the nurses' training classes at the hospital. I had all the food ready, and I walked out to the fireplace to be sure that all was in readiness, when suddenly I became very dizzy and went to the hospital to see what it was all about. Dr. Hutchison found that my blood pressure was high enough to "blow a gasket," as he said, and advised hospitalization. The girls went forward with the party and had a delightful time. I entered the hospital.

The hospital just across the road is a wonderful comfort to us. In a mission hospital a missionary is not Number 266 but a member of the group; all the skill and never-tiring effort to search for the cause of an illness is given as unto a friend. One relaxes with implicit confidence in the doctor's advice and starts on a road to recovery.

Another delightful thing about this mission hospital is the well-planned and attractive room set apart for missionaries and their friends. The Mt. Lebanon Church at Pittsburgh sent funds for this project as a memorial to Dr. and Mrs. McCown. Long ago Mrs. McCown had a serious illness in our hospital and was grateful for her care. Now, through her Church, her appreciation lives on in service to missionaries.

As I said, one continues to be a part of the mission family even though laid aside. Miss Thompson came over every morning to tell of interests and happenings at school. This meant much to me. Through the day teachers came to relate stories about our children. One day I was surprised to have the door cautiously open and to see six of the little children from the city kindergarten. They brought two big tins of toffee as a sure cure for my illness. They were sweet in their solicitude, and after singing a psalm they departed in the carriage which had brought them. Visits from missionaries in Tanta and messages from those in stations farther away brought cheer day by day.

Each day the Bible Woman came to see me. She was happy to tell me of her visits in the hospital. She told of a lovely Christian girl who, in her dying hours, was joyously singing her way into the heavenly home. Finally, she would say, "Now I must read to you"—and how radiantly she served in this task!

Tanta Hospital, Tanta, Egypt

Each evening the little "Folder of Linens" came to tell me what a nice day she had had and how glad she is to be a part of this great hospital.

Dr. Galloway, who is, shall we say, "the fixer of things," made it possible to move my bed to a more comfortable position by extending the electric cords for the call bell. Then, discovering a leakage in the water tank, he left in pursuit of a remedy. Soon a servant boy appeared carrying a ladder on his head and tools in his hands. He was followed by Bannoub, the pumber, carrying only the wisdom of the hour in his head. Later, Dr. Galloway returned to inspect the job and called it a success, using his favorite words, "wa bass," meaning "enough."

Dr. Hutchison entered one evening, laughingly saying, "We have delivered triplets. It surely was funny to have three of them yelling at me all at once."

I had great interest watching Rosella Hutchison direct the young nurses under her supervision. It seems such a short while ago that Rosie came to kindergarten with a pocket full of bugs carefully tied in her handkerchief. Now with a huge volume of microbiology under her arm she stops to see me a moment en route to her students' classes.

One of these young students came in often to tell me how happy she is in the path of service she has chosen. She said, "The things they do around here are unbelievable. Not long ago a very thin, sick baby entered the hospital. The doctors performed a resection of his ribs in order to draw pus from his lungs. He had two transfusions. Some folks would have said such a little baby wasn't worth it, but he recovered and was a happy child. His cheeks were fat, and he would clap his hands and call to us if we didn't notice him just then. Doctors work all day and away into the night, kind and ready to help. I know they can do it only because they love their Master. If everyone in this building were like them, this hospital would be a little bit of heaven set down upon the earth."

Miss Hellajian, the night nurse, wearing her red cape and with her merry eyes and laughter, reminds me of good old Saint Nick. Often she would say, "Pray for me tonight—so many to look after—and the triplets to bathe, dress, feed, weigh, and 'burp' in the morning."

And so, as she asked, I did remember her, and asked that more nurses may come from America to help the few who carry on here, and that they, too, may rejoice in the great opportunities for service in Tanta

Hospital.

Also, I pray that young girls in Egypt may, like Wadea, choose this path of service and realize a bit of heaven upon earth.

Ruth M. Williamson

The North Sudan

MRS. LEANDER FINLEY, Editor, Omdurman, The North Sudan

A DAY WITH THE BIBLE WOMEN

How I wish I could take you with me as I spend a morning visiting in the homes with one of the Bible Women. The four of us, Sitt Zakiya, Sitt Nieema, Verna Pillow and I have morning prayers at Sitt Zakiya's house and then Verna drives us to the first house. This day I am going with Sitt Zakiya. We do not go to the first house on Zakiya's list as there is a 'bika' (mourning) there. A bika lasts from one to two weeks and during it everything else stops. Now we are at the second house. Zakiya teaches the three girls, first the reading lesson and then the Bible lesson. It is rather cool this morning so the girls serve us a hot drink—it is a mixture of hot milk, tea, cinnamon and loads of sugar. It's hard to handle when it is served in a glass and is very hot. There are some sweet children in this house and during the lesson they peep around the door to watch us and as we leave they run up to shake hands. At the third house there is only one girl—there should be three but for various reasons such as bikas, weddings and births two have not had a lesson for several weeks.

The fourth house is one of the most interesting for here I found a mother and daughter having lessons together. The daughter is only half interested but the mother is determined not to miss any of it. She tries very hard and though the rest of the household laugh at her for learning when she is old, she keeps right on—and she is learning too. I do wish you could see the joy on her face as she hears the Bible story. First she tells us last week's story and then she pulls her stool close to Zakiya and glues her eyes to Zakiya's face—she does not intend to miss any of this new story. Her teen-age son comes into the room and sits on one of the beds. He is pretending not to listen but when Zakiya asks the mother a question, he answers it before she can. As we leave the house, I am just praising God for one who is really seeking to know Him.

Walking to our next and last house, we pass four or five women sitting on the ground selling beans, nuts and a few rather bad looking tomatoes and a man selling charcoal. It is now quite warm and they all look rather sleepy. This last house is very nice and actually has a tile floor and an electric light in the guest room. There are two young girls studying here. Their father will not permit them to go to school so they have their lessons at home. Yesterday was the eclipse of the sun and when the lesson is over the youngest girl tells us about it. Her father shut them all up in the house for he was afraid that something terrible would happen. She was not afraid but all the neighbors were screaming and beating on drums to keep the evil spirits away. During the eclipse the streets were practically empty for the majority of the people hid in their homes. They know not the God who has created the heavens and set them in their course, and therefore, they are not able to marvel with us at the beauty of the eclipse and to glorify the God of creation. There is a car honk outside and we know that Verna has come for us. Zakiya is tired for she has taught eight girls today and as we pick up Nieema we find that she has taught nine girls. Tomorrow they will be out again in another district. Do continue to pray for Zakiya and Nieema.

Helen Tetley

The South Sudan

MRS. A. Mac ROY, Editor, Nasir, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

SOUTH SUDAN

Change and Progress at Obel

When we arrived at Obel after our wonderful furlough in the States it was like coming home. Everything looked the same at first but we soon realized that there was growth and progress.

The young trees had shot up and the place is beginning to look less barren and gives some promise of fruit at last. Buildings also seemed to be shooting up, but those who have charge of this work will not agree with me that they just shoot up. Buildings do not just grow. These extra buildings meant many hours of extra work on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and now that they have gone, Mr. Webb and Mr. Adair.

After running a school teaching class and listening to the innumerable "Please Sirs" there was wood to haul, or sand or bricks or cement. Then workmen had to be paid, and incidentally kept upright and working when their inclination was to lie prone and bask in the sun. To make matters worse supplies kept running so frighteningly short that often the men would say, "Unless the bamboos come today we shall have to knock the laborers off" . . . "If the sand boats do not turn up we are sunk" . . . "We are stuck for brick again."

At zero hour, either in the middle of the night, or on Sunday afternoon the sands, bricks or bamboos always turn up. We will not trouble you with the details of unloading these things in the night or on Sunday afternoon, or of hauling them to the scene of labor. Suffice it to say that at last we can report, tired but triumphant, "The fifth year buildings are finished." Praise the Lord.

Changes in Staff

Here again the changes mean progress. Hardly anyone who was here on the staff last year is here now. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Thompson have gone to Omdurman to study Arabic. They have left a hole in the school and in hearts, but by learning Arabic they will be even more valuable to Obel upon their return than they have been in the past.

Gideon Dau has gone to the Government Training center near Malakal to learn Arabic. This will be a help to us, too, but you need not be told how we miss him. Stephen Nyoc has filled his place admirably and his happy spirit is an inspiration to Dinka trainees and boys and to us all.

Acwil, our Shilluk teacher has gone for further studies to Mundri. Akic Ding came to us in his place. Akic worked with Ted Pollock on the buildings of Obel. He asked, during that time to be trained as a teacher. His English is much better than most of the teachers, and he is a good man. He was taken ill with jaundice and missed nearly all the first term. While he was in hospital his wife nearly died after her baby was born. They are both restored in health, and have come through their testing time not only victoriously but radiantly. Akic always does me good. He is so happy.

After three years of praying for and searching for a Northern Sudanese who would be willing to come south to teach Arabic we can at last report that he has come. It was a great joy to welcome Ramzi Effendi Tadros last Thursday. He was trained in our Mission school in Omdurman and Rev. R. Meloy helped us find him. It is no light matter to leave all familiar faces and surroundings and come to a new land among strange people. We regard him rather as a missionary and ask that you pray for him that he might be happy with us and want to stay for many years. Pray, too, that he will be used here not only to teach Arabic but to win souls.

Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Adair are now on the staff of Obel, but they cannot leave Doleib Hill until Rev. and Mrs. Sherman Wilson arrive to hold the fort there. Bill Adair has to go to Obel daily for teaching and we long for the day when they will live here not only for full-time service, but for the fellowship they will bring for the Webbs. Our children and theirs long also for that day. In the meantime Mr. Adair walks to and from the Hill because his car and our boat are still on the way. After long hours of teaching and many other duties, in the very hottest time of the day it is no light thing to walk those three miles to the Hill. Once there, duties still await him even if we have not asked him to search for thatching grass or rope.

Adhok Awerjok is our fifth-year teacher. He is the first man to be appointed to the work at Obel. He has to leave on next postboat to go to Khartoum for inspection and possibly operation on his eye. He is naturally concerned and would value your prayers. He is doing good work in fifth year, which is our new venture, and he is also a good influence and takes a full share in the work of the whole school.

Spiritual Growth

It is one thing to report progress in material matters because here we have facts. In spiritual matters we must leave results with the Lord. However, at times God graciously allows us to see some small results and thus we are encouraged that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Reuben Otor and James Wanh were the first to come this year as volunteer evangelists in their spare time. They took some little boys and went preaching in the villages along the White Nile toward Atar. After a strenuous week of examinations and with a week of practical examinations ahead they spent their only free day preaching, and that for love and not for money. Amum is only a fifth-year Shilluk boy but he goes every Sunday to tell the good news of the Saviour whom he found in school.

One Dinka teacher, Monydhot Deng has asked for baptism. This is always cause for rejoicing, because if he passes the questioning of elders and missionaries and takes this stand there must be no turning back. We long to see all our teachers wholly on the Lord's side that they might lead their school boys and their villages to the Saviour.

The proposition of a church collection was put to the teachers one Sunday morning because now many of them are earning money and we felt the time had come for them to serve the Lord in this way. Before the next Sunday the teachers had decided that they wanted to do it. An impromptu collection in a chalk box was taken at once with good response. They requested bags so we had to sit up late and make a bag for each tribe in a different color and two bags for the trainees. They give gladly and we feel it is a healthy sign. The spirit is a happy one here this year. Obel is often called the place of song.

It is an experience I could wish for all of you to hear the boys singing in their four different languages in the dormitories in the evenings. This evening one tribe was singing in one language "My Jesus I Love Thee." Another tribe took it up and we heard the change in language and in tone, and somewhat in tune. We felt constrained to join in in our own home in our own tongue. Some of every people and tribe and nation and tongue shall praise Him.

Phyllis Webb

To all of our Associate Editors for "News From Afar" we think "Thank You" more often than we say it.

Note the change for the North Sudan. Mrs. Leander Finley has been appointed to take the place of Mrs. Ried F. Shields, home on furlough. To the former we extend a welcome; to the latter we are grateful for the splendid work she has done for us.

The Womens' Missionary Magazine
Statistical-Report Comparisons

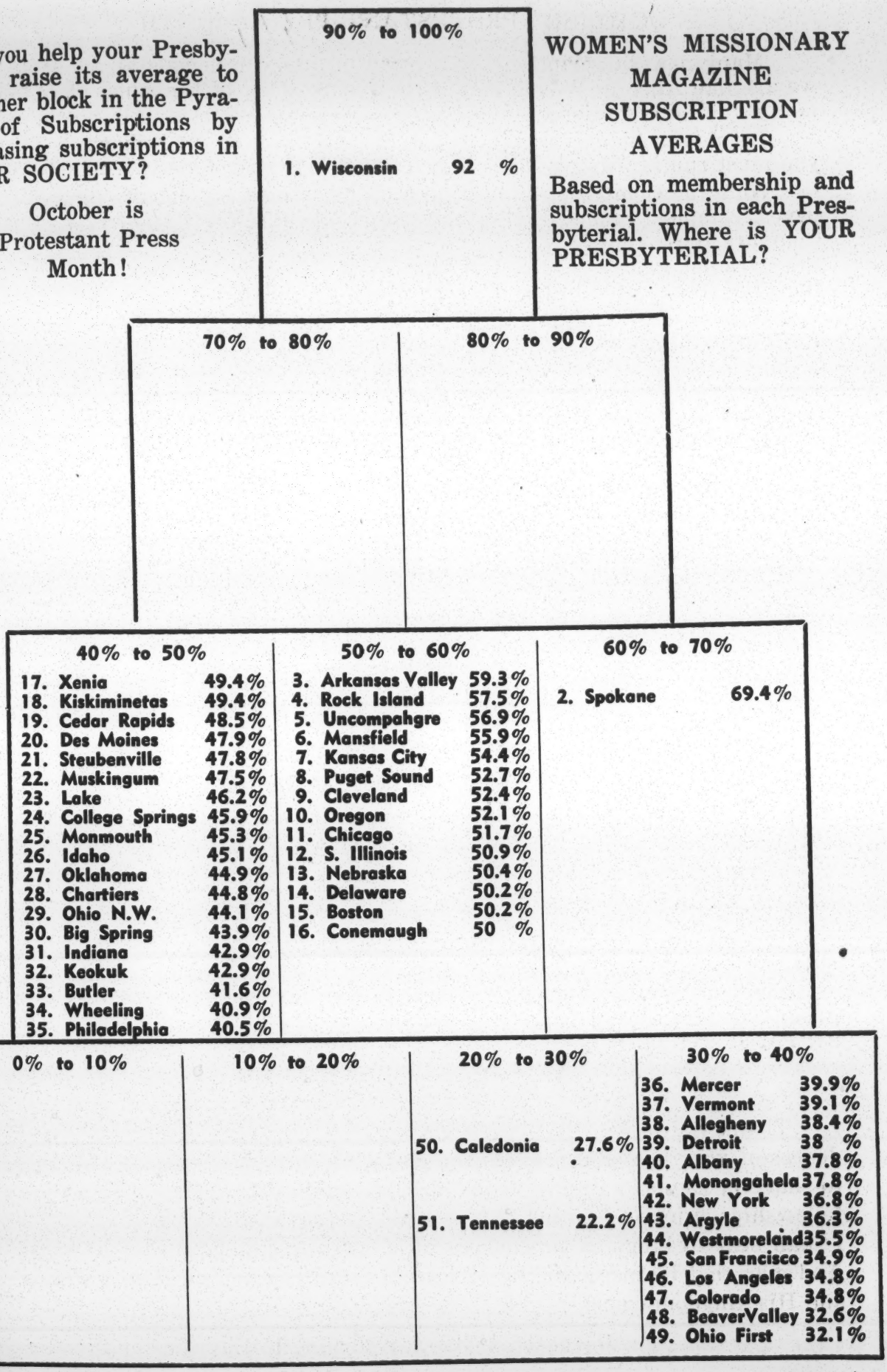
Presbyterial	Members Women's Soc.	Members YW & Teens	Members Total	Magazines W.M.S.	Magazines YW & Teens	Magazines Total
Albany	189	28	217	79	3	82
Allegheny	1,169	610	1,779	484	199	683
Argyle	270	110	380	108	30	138
Arkansas Valley	480	97	577	305	37	342
Beaver Valley	1,243	536	1,779	451	129	580
Big Spring	236	69	305	110	24	134
Boston	363	237	600	198	103	301
Butler	1,092	333	1,425	453	140	593
Caledonia	917	243	1,160	276	44	320
Cedar Rapids	485	68	553	268	no rept.	268
Chartiers	808	510	1,318	379	211	590
Chicago	442	121	563	239	52	291
Cleveland	1,136	563	1,699	599	291	890
College Springs	412	54	466	200	14	214
Colorado	709	126	835	272	19	291
Conemaugh	449	135	584	221	71	292
Delaware	369	95	464	189	44	233
Des Moines	369	54	423	172	31	203
Detroit	876	184	1,060	333	70	403
Idaho	174	70	244	82	28	110
Southern Illinois	523	186	709	272	89	361
Indiana	322	18	340	146	no rept.	146
Kansas City	458	60	518	250	32	282
Keokuk	356	31	387	153	13	166
Kiskiminetas	396	134	530	197	65	262
Lake	554	296	850	272	121	393
Los Angeles	905	246	1,151	337	65	402
Mansfield	246	158	404	143	83	226
Mercer	399	299	698	142	137	279
Monmouth	484	192	676	242	64	306
Monongahela	2,226	739	2,965	918	203	1,121
Muskingum	400	221	621	188	107	295
Nebraska	351	60	411	190	17	207
New York	625	111	736	236	35	271
First Ohio	687	97	784	232	20	252
Ohio Northwestern	213	82	295	93	37	130
Oklahoma	234	60	294	108	24	132
Oregon	314	47	361	169	19	188
Philadelphia	1,507	470	1,977	593	207	800
Puget Sound	442	——	442	233	——	233
Rock Island	217	138	355	138	66	204
San Francisco	626	104	730	217	38	255
Spokane	144	23	167	110	6	116
Steubenville	408	245	653	196	116	312
Tennessee	204	83	287	62	3	65
Uncompahgre	72	——	72	41	——	41
Vermont	110	——	110	43	——	43
Westmoreland	837	417	1,254	327	129	456
Wheeling	284	247	531	111	106	217
Wisconsin	284	42	326	264	37	301
Xenia	481	160	641	271	46	317
Totals	27,497	9,209	36,706	12,321	3,425	15,737

Will you help your Presbyterial raise its average to a higher block in the Pyramid of Subscriptions by increasing subscriptions in YOUR SOCIETY?

October is Protestant Press Month!

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION AVERAGES

Based on membership and subscriptions in each Presbyterial. Where is YOUR PRESBYTERIAL?



OCTOBER—PROTESTANT PRESS MONTH

Many new subscriptions have come in, many renewals also, but still we are like Alice in Wonderland, "running to keep in the same place" in number of subscriptions.

Let us remember that Alice said, "If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that. (October 1951, pp. 96, 97)

Note the Comparisons and Pyramid-like Chart on the two preceding pages, compiled from figures taken from the *WGMS Statistical Report.* Compare these figures with those given in October, 1951. Each block in the pyramid gives space for presbyterials that have an average within the 10% represented in the block in which it is placed.

Wisconsin is again far ahead of all others, and it raised its percentage 7.3% over the previous report. Spokane, with a gain of 2.5%, should soon be in the 70%—80% Block. Tennessee deserves commendation for raising average from 13.3% last year to 22.2% this year. But somewhere "in between on the misty flats, the rest drift to and fro"—some up and others down, making a total average of 42.9%, only .2% higher than last year.

October is *Protestant Press Month!* Let us rally to the call to repair the breaks and to add to our subscription lists as we climb higher, striving toward the highest block in our endeavor to be 100% *Societies!*

PROGRAM CALENDAR FOR 1953

NEW!
TIMELY!
ATTRACTIVE!
STUDY GUIDE FOR 1953
FOR ADULTS AND TEEN-AGE GROUPS

The *Program Calendar* for 1953 is being prepared now and should be off the press and ready for mailing on November 1. The usual size, with suggested program topics, worship theme and Scripture references, *Prayer Cycle* days, space for writing your own roll of leaders and hostesses for each month, and other features.

We have succeeded in keeping the price at 10¢ per copy, but will need sufficient postage to mail the copies to you. Please send money with order.

Send orders now—A *Program Calendar* for each member of your group—to Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold, Treasurer, 510 S. Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

AN AU REVOIR MESSAGE

Thank you to my WGMS friends for all the many courtesies and evidences of your love and prayers for His work in which we are privileged to share in Egypt. I return to the field cheered and encouraged by many fellowships enjoyed, literally from coast to coast of our beloved homeland. I shall bear to kingdom co-workers these assurances of your cooperation. And may that be increased, by His grace, until the day of His appearing and His kingdom comes.

Margaret A. Work, returning to Egypt after furlough

A VISITOR FROM PAKISTAN

The Rev. Andrew Thakur Das of Pakistan is to visit America from the second week of September until November 25, under the auspices of three mission boards (Presbyterian USA, Methodist and United Presbyterian) and of the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature.

Mr. Thakur Das is himself a product of the United Presbyterian Mission, for his father, the Rev. George W. Thakur Das, was an ordained minister of our Synod of the Punjab, and for some years a member of the staff at Gujranwala Theological Seminary. Andrew was born in Gujranwala at that time. His mother was a Bible Woman for many years after her husband's death and is now retired.

The Rev. Andrew Thakur Das has been for 33 years the pastor of Naulakha Church (Presbyterian) in Lahore which is the largest church in West Pakistan with a membership of 2,000. At present he is a member of the Executive Committee of the International Missionary Council and Secretary of the West Pakistan Christian Council.

He is also an accomplished musician. It is a privilege to listen to both the plaintive and the resounding Punjabi melodies sung by Mr. Thakur Das while he accompanies himself on that picturesque native stringed instrument called a "sitar."

He has previously visited this country. He has studied here and has spoken to many church and conference audiences, and has played and sung to many. He has this summer been attending the International Missionary Council at Willengen, Germany, where he made a very favorable impression.

Mr. Thakur Das has a vigorous and discriminating use of English. His pronunciation is good. His message has content and is usually spoken with conviction, clarity and passion. Quite early in his ministry he began to emerge as an able and vigorous leader in the church. Through the years he has proved a wise counsellor and patient guide in church-mission relationships, always working toward the development of greater independence and responsibility in the indigenous church.

People in the vicinity of Pittsburgh may hear him speak at the Prayer Meeting on October 14, 1952, at ten o'clock, in Calvin Hall, on the ninth floor of the Publication Building, 209 Ninth Street.

NOTICE!

Letters have been mailed to the Recording Secretary of each Presbyterial with the traditional white slip to be used in requesting delegate credentials for the WGMS Convention which is to meet in Des Moines, in June, 1953.

Reporting delegates to the Convention Secretary before January 1, 1953, not only places your Presbyterial on the Honor Roll, but it also makes convention mechanics operate more smoothly. It aids the President and her committee in planning program features and makes it easier for the Local Committee to arrange for the guests who are to be entertained.

Be prompt! Be on the Honor Roll!

Mrs. Grant B. Gibson, Convention Secretary

Thank Offering

MRS. RUSSELL K. MONTGOMERY, Secretary,
9 Pocono Drive, Pittsburgh 20, Pa.

**You may give of your means, as Ananias and Sapphira—and not be saved!*

CALL TO THANKFUL GIVING

Question: How may we return our thanks to God for His many blessings to us, most important of all being Jesus Christ, His Son, our Saviour?

Answer: Through accepting God's invitation, "Come near and bring Thank Offerings into the House of the Lord."

Question: What motives prompt us to bring Thank Offerings?

Answer: Loving gratitude for the benefits which God daily bestows upon us, and that through our gifts others may learn to know Him and serve Him.

ATTENTION THANK OFFERING SECRETARIES

The chosen time for the bringing of our thankful expressions of true love and gratitude into the house of the Lord is the annual Thank Offering Ingathering. This is the opportunity for stirring up new interests in the total missionary program of the Church, and for furthering our responsibilities in the work of the WGMS at home and abroad. A letter of information regarding the Thank Offering Ingathering Service, together with samples of Thank Offering materials, has been sent to your society president which she has no doubt forwarded to you by this time. Send your order for T. O. supplies for the Ingathering Service to Thank Offering Department, 905 Publication Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Plans should be well under way for the annual Thank Offering Ingathering Service. It is suggested that the regular missionary meeting preceding the Ingathering Service include an inspirational Thank Offering presentation, such as the pageant, "The Perfect Gift," which was presented at the 1952 WGMS Convention at Detroit. This pageant reveals in a challenging manner what should be the nature of the Thank Offering in order to pattern our gift after the spirit of "The Perfect Gift". A copy of this pageant may be found in the September issue of the *Women's Missionary Magazine*. Extra mimeographed copies may be obtained from the Thank Offering Department.

*Boxed-heading quotations are a continuation of the "Selected" ones used in September Magazine.

PERTINENT SUGGESTIONS FOR THE T. O. INGATHERING SERVICE

Order early your T. O. envelopes, invitations to Ingathering Service, leaflets, worship services, etc. Allow ample time for mailing prior to your Ingathering Service. Indicate whether the materials ordered are for Women's, Teen Age, or Junior Societies.

Plan to have all expenses for Thank Offering materials taken from your contingent fund; do not take these expenses from your Thank Offering.

Make clear that life memberships, directorships, and memorials are gifts over and above the regular Thank Offering, and should not interfere with the regular Thank Offering.

Cooperate with your pastor and other T. O. Secretaries of your Church in planning the Ingathering Service.

Work closely with your Society Treasurer until all T. O. money and all names of life members, etc., are sent to the Presbyterial Treasurer. Both *must* be sent prior to November 15.

Cooperate with your Society Treasurer in filling out the new *Society Thank Offering Information Form* to be used in recording the amounts of the Thank Offering and for listing the names of all who are to receive certificates. Keep duplicate lists of all receiving certificates.

(*Continued on Page* 125)

The Teens

You may be married to a godly man—as Delilah—and not be saved!

MRS. JOHN H. GERSTNER, JR., Secretary, R. R. 1, Ligonier, Pa.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER

Topic: The Rights of Christian Citizens.

Devotions: 2 Timothy 1:1-7; 2 Timothy 3:10-15.

Devotional Thought: The great apostle Paul prays for a young man. Paul himself was a first-generation Christian. He writes, almost wistfully to his young friend, who has been blessed with a Christian grandmother and a Christian mother, and is a third-generation Christian. Remember, he says, when surrounded with unbelief, remember the faith of your mothers. If you are a first-generation Christian, be a Paul. If you are blessed by a Christian tradition, be a Timothy.

We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from the quest,
To find that all the sages said
In in the Book our mothers read.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Prayer Cycle: 13, 14, 15 Days.

Mission Study: "Biblical Illiteracy" in the U.S.A.

A friend, the wife of a minister, told me the following incident which happened in a Sabbath School class. Could it have been in your church?

The teacher, working with a group of primary children was asking questions about Bible characters. "Who was Matthew?" No response. "Who was Mark?" Dead silence. "Luke?" "Peter?" This time a little hand was timidly lifted. The delighted teacher turned to the little fellow. "And who was Peter?" "I tink," he lisped, "I tink he was a wabbit!"

Although teen-agers blessed with godly parents know the need for "each one to teach one" right in our own school room, we are, perhaps, not as awake to the need in the U.S.A. of people whom we seldom meet. This lesson also gives us a chance to study more about our own home missions.

Although written for sub-teen age you will find much helpful material on our American Indian work in the newly prepared *Indian Mission File.* Order from the Literature Department, Women's Board, 209 Ninth St. Pittsburgh 22, Pa. Price 85¢.

When making a study of our mountain work you will find *So Sure of Life,* by Violet Wood, (Price, Lit. Dept., $1.00) of great help. It presents with heartwarming sympathy a picture of life in the hollows from which some of our students at our own mountain schools come. Superintendent Heagen in his message delivered at Detroit to the W.G.M.S., "The Sun Shines Bright," mentioned one student who walked four miles in order to get the school bus, a total of eight miles a day to avail himself of what our Ezel school can offer. *So Sure of Life* tells the life story of Dr. Robert F. Thomas. It was interesting to learn with Dr. Thomas, as he asked mountaineer after mountaineer the road to Pitcairn and received no answer at all, the fact which the older missionary pointed out to him, "This you must learn right away, Robert. When a mountaineer doesn't know what to say, he doesn't say anything at all. And that's good horse sense anywhere."

It is good for us also to learn how the other half lives, the half that goes a thousand feet underground to dig black diamonds, the half that keeps us warm while they live in shanties, under threats of roof caveins, lack of food, etc.

"Some of the children in the bread line declared that they never had tasted milk before." "Looking out of the windows of this chapel, my wife and I could see the miners' children on a hot summer day wading amid the broken glass and tin cans in the black, sulphur-laden waters of the creek. This was their only escape from the intense heat except for the nearby river, and that was an open sewer." "At the morning service there were not more than twenty-five people in attendance, and among them there were no teen-age young people."

These quotations are from the study book for this year, *Human Crisis in the Kingdom of Coal* (Literature Dept., paper, $1.25). Although mature for many teen-agers, sponsors can digest facts which will help. I would suggest you check the review in the July-August Magazine, Pg. 781, and in the September and October issues.

I know after you make these studies you teen-agers will want to do something for our home missions. Write in for the free pamphlet *Home Mission Needs* for suggestions.

Junior Highs will like *When Given a Chance,* an illustrated story pamphlet, 32 pp. 35¢, $3.00 a dozen. *Guide for Leaders,* 50¢.

THE TEEN TATTLER

Miss Edith Williams is now in the United States. She will be a student at Scarritt College, Nashville, 4, Tenn. She is, as you know, in charge of the Normal Training Department at Hajipur, Sialkot, Pakistan, and will receive specialized work there to help in this Normal School Work. Miss Williams will divide her year with Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary to study Bible and related subjects, and will be able to visit many of our churches in the locality.

Many of you have asked how much each teen-ager should give to the Special Fund. I want to repeat that to reach our goal, $1.00 per teen-ager *is necessary.* This is the *first* year we are on our own. I am especially anxious that we go "over the top," especially on these two responsible tasks that have been given to us, the Pakistani Scholarship Fund, and the salary for an interpreter in Oljato, Utah. Be sure to mark your money Teen-Age Special. Some interested friends wish to help sometimes either one or the other of our projects. It is in order in such cases to mark money "Teen-Age Foreign Special" or "Teen-Age Home Special." Money is never diverted from the use specified by the giver.

YESHIE (*Continued from Page* 95)

and suddenly she *knew* Him. She knew Him the God of Light and Life who had come for her, who had come long ago exchanging His perfect life for her corrupt one, who came being punished by death for all of the corruption of all of the people of all of the world. She knew Him who had come to lead her through the Galla morass of knowing nothing into the knowledge which is above every knowledge, the knowing of Himself.

We sit by the fire together in the evenings talking about little things until "Of a Thousand" rises and brings our Bible saying shyly, "Learning is now necessary for us." Fellowship with her is sweet, but behind all of the sweetness is the constant knowledge that she is only one *out of* many thousands . . . the many thousands who know nothing. As we talk about them she assures me that she will go with me and I think that she will. There are others going too, and perhaps many will come to help, for out of the wilderness of a job too big a vision is arising before our eyes . . . . the vision of Yeshie being one of many thousands who know her crucified, risen Friend . . . no longer a Yeshie alone, but one out of many.

You may build a temple, as Solomon —and not be saved!

The Juniors

MRS. CHARLES W. FULTON, Secretary,
455 Forest Ave., Bellevue, Pittsburgh 2, Pa.

COOPERATION

The Women's Board was happy to comply with the request received from Mr. Robert Watkins, who had been named director for Junior Week at Camp Fairfield, Pennsylvania. The request was that one or more foreign missionaries serving under the Women's Board, be sent to help with the Junior program at the Camp. Miss Eileen Halewood of Ethiopia and Miss Gomar Mansour of Egypt were asked by the Board to go. The following letter with an enclosed check has been received and is acknowledged with thanks.

The money will be applied to the Junior Special Work in Ethiopia where Miss Halewood is located. Cooperation of this type in the work of our denomination deserves our heartiest praise.

Dear Mrs. Fulton:

We are happy to submit herewith the sum of $45.00, representing the Junior Missionary offering from Junior Conference at Camp Fairfield, August 4-11, 1952. This money is to support the work of Eileen Halewood of Maji, Ethiopia.

Miss Eileen Halewood

On Sabbath afternoon, August 10, the boys and girls made a tour of four mission "stations" on the camp grounds, carrying their folding suitcases, receiving a sticker for the suitcases at each station. Eileen Halewood represented Ethiopia, Gomer Mansour represented Egypt, Wilma Mintier represented Pakistan, and Janet W. McClure of Blairsville, represented the South Sudan. Each had curios to exhibit and the children were reluctant to move on from one station to the next according to schedule.

On Sabbath evening Eileen Halewood spoke to us of her own work at Maji, after which the Junior Missionary offering was presented in our suitcases. All of us, campers and leaders, were greatly interested in "Aunt" Eileen's stories of her clinic.

Thanks for sending Eileen Halewood and Gomer Mansour to Junior Conference. We suggest that you keep Pittsburgh Synod Junior Conference in mind for August, 1953, assigning missionaries to be with us over the Sabbath Day. We were very glad to have the two ladies with us this year.

Attending this Conference were 56 boys with 12 men leaders and 55 girls with 12 women leaders, representing 38 churches in six presbyteries of Pittsburgh Synod.

Sincerely yours,

Robert B. Watkins
Mary C. Watkins

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Before the end of the year, 1952, *all funds, including JUNIOR THANK-OFFERING, and JUNIOR SPECIAL must be in the hands of your Presbyterial Treasurer.*

Negro Missions

MRS. G. VIRGIL HUTCHISON, Secretary, Imperial, Pa.

You may desire spiritual gifts as Simon—and not be saved!

Wedding Bells! In July Miss Nora F. Smith who delighted the delegates at the WGMS with her story of the Camden Academy track team, was married to Mr. S. D. Daniels of Detroit. We extend best wishes to the happy couple. Mrs. Daniels will return to Camden to resume her work as director of physical education.

Rev. James Reese of Camden and Miller's Ferry spent several weeks in Pennsylvania this summer. He received the degree of Master of Religious Education from the University of Pittsburgh. He conducted a Sabbath morning devotional period over radio station WCAE in Pittsburgh and preached in nearby churches most acceptably.

Rev. Reese told of the fine work done in our Alabama missions in their Daily Vacation Bible Schools. Our three Bible teachers—Miss Boyd of Camden, Miss Ross of Miller's Ferry, and Miss Brooks of Annemanie—worked well together in the three stations. Over 200 children were enrolled. At Henderson and Townsville, Miss Eva Thomas assisted Rev. John Dungee and 201 were enrolled. Much was made of the closing "open house" program and the parents were pleased with the children's progress.

Miss Grayce Salley had four weeks of Bible school at Chase City with good attendance and response. She wrote of a lovely gift which came from the Vacation Bible School Juniors of Creston Hill, Oklahoma. It is to be shared with Henderson and Norfolk. The gift is a worship center, a beautiful piece of work with the wall covering green showing a picture of the Christ with outstretched arms on a globe in the center and churches on either side. Below are the words, "O come, let us worship." Below that is the open Bible with Communion cups on each side. The altar covering has green spatter paint on white and repeats the motif of the wall hanging, and there is a rack to hold the Bible upright. We think it very fine for these Juniors of Creston Hill to remember our Negro children with this invitation to worship.

Miss Thomas of Henderson has sent a copy of the answer written by one of her Bible students, Samuel Williams. She had asked what information and inspiration had been received from the course.

THE INFORMATION AND INSPIRATION I HAVE RECEIVED FROM THIS COURSE

God is no longer only someone that I read or hear about but He has become a reality to me. Since I have found the "True God" by the truth that has been taught I am very glad of it. This is how much this course has affected my life:

1—I plan to glorify Christ in all my life, that is to love Him above all my attainments.

2—I plan to further my education of the knowledge of the Bible because I have found that the Bible has given me more and above all else I have received in school.

Christ is not only just someone that I fear because of His glorious power, but Bible study has made me realize that He is the One Person that I need and want to direct me while I am in high school, or college, or any place. I have gladly accepted Christ. I am thankful for Him because He died on the cross at Calvary to show His love and to redeem man. Truly, to me He is a reality in my life.

The Holy Spirit, has been helpful to me and guided me from being ashamed to own Christ. Now I am practicing being led by the Holy Spirit rather than by my poor, foolish, and proud flesh. The Holy Spirit in my life has been greatly strengthened by the Bible class.

Christ's place in my life. It is a battle between self and the Holy Spirit. I do not desire any part of the devil. Christ has so influenced my life until I do not approve of any works of Satan. It is my hope that I grow in fear and favor with Christ. That is really what the best part of myself wants to do. And I will truly then have peace of mind.

The lessons in class. They have helped to strengthen my faith in Christ to put life into my living. To me to live is to serve Christ. *Samuel Williams*

Mountain and Presbyterial Missions

MRS. EDGAR B. MURDOCH, Secretary,
4 Wilmont Ave., Washington, Pa.

You may have an angelic visitor, as Lot's wife—and not be saved!

The Ezel congregation is rejoicing that at last their manse is occupied and their pulpit is filled by their own minister. In August the congregation and the Women's Board joined in a call to the Rev. Homer C. Haines formerly of the Belle Center, Ohio, church. He accepted the call and moved to Ezel in time to begin his ministry the first of September.

We feel fortunate in securing the Rev. Mr. Haines as he is a devoted, hard-working pastor who will make friends among the people. His family consists of a wife and two sons, one ten, the other eight. Mrs. Haines is a qualified teacher and this year will fill one of the vacant positions in the school. This will be in addition to her place of leadership in the church.

We are happy over the coming of the minister and his family, for while the Ezel church has functioned extremely well during the long period without a pastor, the people have looked forward to the time when they would again have an under shepherd to furnish the leadership they desired. The Board joins the congregation in welcoming the Haines family to the church and community and prays that the Lord's richest blessing may rest upon them and their work in Ezel.

FRENCHBURG

Wedding bells have chimed again for members of the Frenchburg faculty. The happiest event of the vacation period was the marriage of Miss Winifred Moore, for some years secretary to the superintendent of the school, to Mr. Sylvester Linderholm, for the past two years manual training instructor in the school. The marriage took place on August 9 in Miss Moore's home church, the West Liberty, Pa., United Presbyterian Church. After a wedding trip they return to Frenchburg to take up their residence and resume their former positions in the school.

Mrs. Linderholm has many friends over the church. All who have received letters of acknowledgement from her for boxes of clothing or gifts will join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Linderholm a long and happy life.

WESTLAND, PA.

The Westland Mission has achieved a long-cherished ambition—a home for its missionary. This has been a vexing problem for a long time as there are no desirable houses for rent near the church. This summer they decided to delay no longer but take definite action. A building committee was appointed. After conferences with the Presbyterial Secretary and Chartiers Presbytery, it was decided to erect a small prefabricated house on the church lot. The Mission is taking full responsibility for the expense incurred having about half the amount in a building fund and are borrowing the remainder from the Board, at a low rate of interest, to be repaid in monthly installments.

This is a splendid project and the Mission is to be commended for its enterprise. Miss Partington is happy over her new home which will enable her to entertain many small group meetings during the cold weather without needing to have the church building heated. When she is settled we shall expect her to tell us about the new home.

Indian Missions

MRS. FREDERICK E. MILLIGAN, Secretary,
424 S. Pacific Ave., Pittsburgh 24, Pa.

You may be able to prophesy, as Saul —and not be saved!

PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED

Many of you have been praying for a long time for a missionary for Simnasho. At the September Board meeting, Mr. Ernesto A. Penney was elected to that position. He is a Nez Perce Indian from Idaho. Both he and his bride are graduates of Cook Christian Training School. We wish them godspeed as they start their work sometime in October.

TAMA TALKS

(*Concluded from September*)

A good part of the strength and work of the Mission could be attributed to the fine and willing attitude exhibited by each member of the various missionary groups related to the Mission. We are beginning to do things for ourselves so that we might be in a better position to guide and minister to others. There is no better illustration of neighborliness as that manifested and witnessed in the tireless effort on the part of the Women's Missionary Society. The Society has a membership of twenty women and each one holds the other dear. They have gone into full swing of sewing, making quilts, using old overcoats which could not be used otherwise and from quilt pieces sent in by many friends of the Mission. Many of these have been distributed to those families short of bedding. There is warmth in this work of the Society.

The Teen-Agers is an aggressive organization. It has grown in proportion, in size, and in spirit.

At Christmas time it was our joy to receive packages of cheer sent in by many Societies and individuals. As a gesture of the same spirit the Teen-Agers sent to the Navajo Mission field a box of Christmas joy. It is our prayer that all might be missionary minded. The message of the glorious Saviour goes along with your gifts to the Indians. May it be that more of us have more of the Spirit of Christ who was so considerate and self-denying for the sake of others.

The needs! Well, I'll just leave that to your judgment or discretion. Many ask what to send. We oblige by saying to send anything usable. We are trying to be resourceful in doing and making things at hand, converting them into things that can be used. Once we have given the Indian a chance by stirring up the spark that lies innate within him, we can help him find a place for himself under God's sun as He would have it.

We believe now is the time to take steps ahead to advance and strengthen our work at this Mission. Our friends have been patient with us and gracious too, in our new adventure here at Tama. We see a bright future ahead for the Indian as well as for the Mission. The Mission staff is contemplating new gestures to bring to a realization this advancement. Pray for us!

We want to thank all our friends for their fine cooperation and loyal devotion to their missions and for the cause of Christ, Christ who said, "I came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" and "I make all things new."

Louis J. Mitchell
Tama Mesquakie Indian Mission

The Sioux Indians had a prayer that all of us might well use. It was this: "Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in *his* moccasins."

From *Indian Highways*,
Cook Christian Training School,
Phoenix, Arizona

Foreign Missions

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary,
847 Thorn Street, Sewickley, Pa.

You may minister in the priest's office, as Nadab — and not be saved!

MISS ELOISE CRABBE, a member of the Westminster Church, Des Moines, Iowa, graduated from Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa, and is a teacher of experience. Miss Crabbe has always been interested in Missions and will teach English in Pressly Memorial Institute in Assiut, Egypt.

TWO NEW SHORT-TERMERS

The Women's Board is happy to report the appointment of two more short-termers who seem well-fitted to serve in the places to which they have been assigned.

MISS HARRIET M. KYLE of Columbus, Ohio, graduated from Cedarville College and studied at Wittenberg and Ohio State University. Miss Kyle is the daughter of former India missionaries. She has been assistant librarian and will work with Miss Davida M. Finney in the Literature office in Cairo as a short-termer.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Sad, but true!—a striking sentence in a recent letter from Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N. of Memorial Hospital, Sialkot, Pakistan: "You see the missionary personnel is being reduced (by illness and retirement), yet the work and organization are increasing; so we kill ourselves trying to keep up. It is like the Israelites in the land of Egypt making bricks without straw.

* * *

"Clinic has been busy the past days with so many sick babies," writes Mrs. Pollock of Maji, Ethiopia. "This seems to be a bad time for pneumonia and many small infants have been brought. The gowns from the women of the missionary societies are a great boon in these cases, and the penicillin and sulfa are real life-savers. So few of the parents of these babies can afford to pay the price of penicillin and I am grateful for the gifts I received that enabled us to give this life-giving drug to the poor."

* * *

"Dr. Reba C. Hunsberger seems to be getting more and more interestingly engaged in her work in the Mary B. Reid Hospital, Sargodha," according to Dr. H. J. Stewart, acting secretary-treasurer of our Sialkot Mission, "where patients are already out-stripping the facilities of that small hospital."

Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N., of Sayo, Ethiopia continues to remain at home with her family because of the serious illness of her mother. Her coming in July advanced the furlough about six months.

MEET MISS WILLIAMS OF SIALKOT

On September 23, the Queen Mary will bring to New York an eager-hearted Christian woman from our Church in Pakistan, Miss Edith Williams, daughter of the late W. T. Williams, who was commissioner from Pakistan to the General Assembly in 1947. The fund for Miss Williams' travel has been raised by gifts from the Synodical Organization of the Pakistan Church and from missionaries who have coveted this opportunity of further training for one who has done much to give training and inspiration to hundreds of teachers in Pakistan. Miss Williams will study in Scarritt College and Peabody Teachers' College in Nashville, Tennessee, the coming year.

Edith Williams' childhood was a happy one as she was a member of a large family (ten daughters and one son). Her loving, hard-working mother and her consecrated pastor-father trained their children well. Music, games, mischief, the sharing of home duties with a bunch of jolly sisters are among her most precious memories. Edith is truly a product of our own mission schools. Her education began in our Girls' Mission School in Rawalpindi. She graduated from our Girls' High School in Pathankot and took her teacher's training work in Kinnaird Training Centre, Lahore. From training she went to serve in our Girls' Boarding School in Sialkot, where she has been ever since except for a year's leave in 1946 when she studied special Kindergarten methods in St. Bede's Training College, Simla.

Miss Williams possesses the gifts of a born teacher and is ever eager for new knowledge and better ways of doing things. Her musical ability has been put to use for the good of many; she has been a leader in Girl Guide work and has unusual ability in preparing and directing dramas for church and school. She has held a position of leadership in the Sabbath School, the youth work and the missionary organizations of the church. This last Spring at our Pastors' Retreat she was given a generous share of the program time to present methods of religious education. Today teachers trained under Miss Williams in the Sialkot Normal School are found in villages and cities all over Pakistan.

Miss Ruth I. Ardrey and Miss Edith Williams with he sitar.

When partition took place between Pakistan and India, Edith had a most difficult choice to make. Her parents' home and all family members with the exception of one sister were on the India side of the border, while Edith in her work in Sialkot was in Pakistan. Perhaps she did not know all that was involved when she decided to give up family and homeland for her service to Christ in Sialkot. During the past

year and a half death has taken her father and mother and a dearly-loved young sister. Relations between India and Pakistan were such that she was not permitted to go to her dear ones in this multiplied sorrow, but even in this she came to know anew that nothing can separate us from the love of God.

Miss Williams has a message which we hope many will receive in summer conferences and meetings of church groups. We rejoice that as a result of faith and prayer and effort she is to have this year of further training that she may be enriched for her service for Christ in her homeland.

Ruth I. Ardrey

KINNAIRD TRAINING CENTER, LAHORE

Things in the Kinnaird Training Center are going nicely. The government has increased the admission requirements for our training from high school graduation diploma to Intermediate College diploma. I fear for a year or two the girls we admit will be fewer in numbers as they will have to go to college for two years before they are ready to come to us. We have 12 applications for admission to the new class, however, and are hoping for more. We have a good class of 23 girls in training already on the old plan.

The big thing that we will remember this year for is the building of a wonderful new kitchen and dining room in the school with money given us by the Methodist Mission—one of our cooperating bodies. The unusual part about it is that we never even asked for this. They just told us they were going to give it to us. Of course, there is no doubt that we needed it as for a number of years our girls have had to eat and sleep in the boarding department of a nearby mission school where they were put in with smaller girls they had to teach in a class.

The new rooms are really grand. We are trying out for the first time the pattern of a smokeless wood stove for the cooking. If it proves a fuel saver for us, a good many others are apt to adopt it. We have a bright carnation-red color on the wood work, windows, doors, tables, benches and sideboard—all this with a bright shiny-black border. It is gay and cheery. We are having a celebration next week to rejoice in its completion and to have it dedicated. The girls have been sewing pot holders and dish towels and now are ready to make pickle for next year's lunches.

Ruth Ardrey

SIALKOT GIRLS' SCHOOL

The early missionaries were wise in starting training schools for teachers. Our training school here takes girls after the Eighth Class and gives two years of training to prepare for teaching in the first five classes. We join other missions, one in Lahore which trains for classes six to eight. Thus far, although we have colleges, we do not have a mission institution to give training after college which they call Bachelor training and which high school teachers are supposed to have.

In our school we have twenty Pakistan teachers at present. They are mostly very good teachers. They do need supervision however and help in their work. It also takes a good deal of "oiling" for dispositions to keep things running smoothly.

The Boarding House is in charge of a teacher or matron. We have at present 154 girls in it from first class children on up to the top. The girls do all their own cooking, washing and cleaning. It takes a lot of organization and supervision to keep things efficient and smooth there. It is the place where a lot of character training can be done also if one just has the time for individual talks.

The school clerk does the buying of the food, which is quite a task with food supplies hard to get. It may take him a whole morning to bargain for enough wheat in the

bazaar to last the school about a week or two! There is a large compound to be supervised for all the vegetables for the school are raised in our garden.

There is also a City Primary School whose teachers live here in the boarding school with the others, The work of the School Board at home in paying teachers is done by the school here. Accounts take a lot of time, for all the expenses of the boarding department count up also. It takes time to collect the fees from the parents of boarders for they are mostly poor and although the fees paid are a small part of the expense of feeding the child it takes constant reminders to get the bills paid.

In addition to these boarders we have 204 day scholars, that is, 362 in school. On that side too there are parents to meet with a good opportunity for witness if one has the time when they come. We have the organizations of Junior Red Cross, Girl Guides, Christian Endeavor Societies, Junior Missionary Societies and our own Sabbath School for the School with teachers going to conduct Sabbath Schools in three other places.

Evelyn Cathcart

MISS BEATTY CALLED HOME

The Women's Board pays loving tribute to Miss Minnie E. Beatty, who sailed for India on September 11, 1912. When she retired in October, 1951, she had rounded out 39 years of uninterrupted, faithful service. Although she worked in other stations, yet we instinctively associate her name with the school and community of Abbottabad in the North West Frontier Province of the Punjab in Pakistan, formerly part of India. Her latest service was in the Mary B. Reid Hospital, Sargodha; she was assigned to this service because Miss Lincoln was on furlough. Miss Beatty's work here was unfortunately limited by illness for a time, and later she sustained a broken arm.

It was decided at the Annual Meeting of Sialkot Mission, October, 1951, that Miss Beatty should be relieved of all responsibility for the work and arrangements were made for her to live temporarily in a suite in the hospital bungalow. She had housekeeping equipment and the same cook that had helped her for nineteen years, a man who had been converted under Miss Jean Morrison's ministry years ago. So, at her request, she retired in Pakistan enjoying life and doing what service she could. Mission friends and associates, the native people of whom she was so fond (and whose food she greatly enjoyed), made it as pleasant as possible for her to live happily in the land she called home.

But in the spring, of her own accord, because of illness and her desire not to be a burden to others, she forsook the longing of her heart and willingly prepared to sail with her friends, the Rev. and Mrs. William Sutherland. Kind friends helped with sorting and packing her belongings, arranged all her affairs and the bidding of farewell to the land of her adoption. The trip by way of England was difficult, for she was very ill, and Mrs. Sutherland cared for her lovingly and tirelessly all the way to America. Upon arrival she visited her family and seemed happy to be with them. Later she obtained comfortable living quarters in Butler, Pa., in the home of a friend.

At the invitation of the Women's Board, Miss Beatty attended the preconference at New Wilmington on July 29. She seemed so well and happy that day, greeting friends and enjoying the fellowship, but before the day was over she became ill and was taken to the hospital in New Castle. When she was able to be moved, plans were carried out for her to go to a sister in Polk, Pa. But this rally was only temporary, and she was brought to Columbia Hospital in Pittsburgh, Pa., where on August 15 the Lord called her to be

with Him forever.

The funeral service was conducted August 18th by Dr. J. C. Smith assisted by Dr. S. C. Picken and the Reverend J. W. Ranson, both former co-workers in India. Burial was in the family lot in North Butler cemetery.

Miss Minnie E. Beatty

Miss Beatty came back to the Homeland, but her heart was still in India-Pakistan. The words of this poem, by an unknown author, may well have expressed her own longing thoughts for the people and the land she loved:

LET ME GO BACK

Let me go back; I am homesick
For the land of my love and toil,
Though I thrill at the sight of my native hills,
The touch of my native soil.
Thank God for the dear home country,
Unconquered and free and grand,
But the far off shores of the East for me,
And the shores of the promised land.

No longer young, I know it,
And battered and worn and gray,
I bear in my body the marks that tell
Of many a toil-filled day.
But it's long to the end of a lifetime
And the hour for its sun to set.
My heart is eager for years to come,
Let me work for the Master yet.

For there are my chosen people,
And that is my place to fill,
To spend the last of my life and strength
In doing the Master's will.
Let me go back! 'Tis nothing
To suffer and do and dare,
For the Lord has faithfully kept His Word—
He is with me always there.

AN ANUAK IN ETHIOPIA

Five months in bed . . . bad enough for anyone, but much, much worse for the young Anuak boy, far from his home and friends, in the hospital in Sayo. He knew little of the Galla language. None of the Ethiopians around him spoke any Anuak, so it has been a lonely time. Yet, in spite of all of the pain and lonely hours, he praises God for the experience.

Omot first came to the Sayo hospital with a badly broken arm, but that had been set, and he thought that he would be able to return quickly to his home and work in Gambeila, but that was not the Lord's will for him. It took a month to find someone who would let him ride on his truck to Gambeila, for no one was very sympathetic with the black boy who wanted a ride home.

Finally an Arab driver gave him a place on the top of a load of coffee destined for Gambeila, and Omot climbed on with several others who were to make the trip. They hadn't gone very far when they realized that the driver of the truck had fortified himself for the journey with a considerable amount of whiskey. The truck went dizzily down the road, hit a bump—and turned over.

The familiar pain of a broken bone again came to Omot, but this time it was his leg—so back to the Sayo hospital. The long months in bed again. At first he was alone, but one day another Anuak came in with a broken bone and was installed in the next bed to his. His joy knew no bounds, but when a white person came in that very day who could speak his language, his cup was full.

His joy was not to last long though, for in a short time, his Anuak friend went into a coma and died, and his

missionary companion had gone to another place. He lay there alone for another two weeks until the missionary returned from Addis Ababa, and he had someone to talk to again. Other Anuak patients came and went, and every day the missionary talked to them and to him telling the strange story of a great God who made heaven and earth, and finally died for the sins of the world. Line upon line . . . precept upon precept . . . Omot didn't accept the Gospel the first time he heard it. It was too big for him to grasp at once.

One night he prayed, "I thank you Lord for my broken leg, for it kept me in this place until I could learn the Word of God." And another night he asked in prayer, "Make me a member of your tribe, Lord." There must have been much joy in heaven that night.

It would seem that God's purpose in bringing him to the hospital had been fulfilled, yet one thing after another happened—his leg broke again after having begun to knit—infection was recurrent. Why? I think that Omot found that out this week when his cousin (who has been cooking for him) prayed this prayer, "Lord, I too want to be a member of your tribe. I thank you for dying for me, and for throwing my sins behind your back."

A broken arm, a broken leg, five months in bed . . . and two Anuaks have become Christians.

Joan Yilek, Pokwo

DOLEIB HILL GIRLS' SCHOOL

Miss Dorothy Rankin is enthusiastic over the new girls' school. "It is almost pure delight; if there weren't a few difficulties, I'd think the girls were not human. The teacher is a man about 40 who has a little eight-year-old in the school. He is patient with the little ones and enjoys teaching girls. There are 21 now in the school, seven of them are ages 10 to 12 and the remainder are 6 to 9. The older group goes ahead of the little ones, but all are learning remarkably well. We plan to have those of one age group in one class, so some of the little ones will be repeating somewhere along the line. We find it is not good to push the little ones, even though they are very intelligent.

"For two hours each day, Miss Helen Tetley directs the handwork in the school, besides her regular language lessons. In that way she gets good practice in using Shulla; the little girls are quite ready to let her know when her words are wrong.

"The special joy is the change we see in the lives and attitudes of the children; there is less fussing. Though they still have their spats, there is no hard feeling now when someone loses in a game. There is great improvement in sewing ability and a willingness to rip out bad work and do it better. I think the Bible school is the best part, though a large per cent come of their own free will. They take part by leading songs, repeating memory verses, answering questions and leading in prayer."

A BUSY MIMEOGRAPH

Miss Ray Huffman writes of the acacia trees with their golden-red blossoms, and bougainvillea with their vivid red and flame-colored flowers that proclaim the coming spring. "Everything is growing in Nasir, including the work of the adversary!"

In its three months' residence at Nasir the new mimeograph has printed a primer of 4,000 words for adult literacy classes, a Nuer song book, the Gospel According to Mark, two issues of the Nuer newspaper and three issues of Nasir Nuz and Notes. This Lake Presbyterial gift cannot take a vacation, for a booklet based on Church Government stating: "What Would Jesus Have His Nasir Church Members Know and Do" is in the making. The Gospel According to Luke is ready for the printing.

Miss Huffman has prepared a supply of booklets of devotional lessons, one for each day, composed of three

songs, prayer, Bible lesson and meaning, and closing prayer. She hopes this may be a guide to daily family prayers. A copy of the devotional booklet and a copy of the one for church members are to be presented to each member the day the Third Church of Nasir will be dedicated.

NASIR NOTES, THE SUDAN

Ret Lony—our leading evangelist and an elder in our Church—leaves next week for Malakal where he will attend the meeting of Presbytery and accompany Dr. Adair and others to Yambio in the South Sudan to attend an interesting conference. We are getting him ready for the trip. We are glad he is going, for this conference should be a real inspiration to him. People will be there who know more English than he does but there will be none of finer calibre than Ret. But we are like Martha now, much concerned over the material things—shoes, extra shorts and shirts, soap, etc. We will miss him in the work here those three weeks he is gone.

WHAT A CONTRAST!

We are making rapid strides in our visiting program in connection with our Mission school. What a difference in the home life of our children!

A teacher and I climbed rickety old stairs to the top flat (third floor) for a visit. The little girl of the family is quiet, working hard in school, never entering into games. She never smiles and seems to carry the burdens of the world on her shoulders. As we sat in the sparsely furnished, yet clean, room waiting for the refreshments customarily offered guests, we realized why our little student was slow in her studies and so sad looking.

The father makes a fairly good salary, which is spent not on his family and only child, but in his own indulgence. On their wedding night, he gave his wife her first beating and it seems a well-used custom of his. On the last feast day, they begged him to bring some fuel for cooking rice and vegetables. Poor mother is even afraid to let her daughter go on errands; she is her only life's joy.

Another home I visited had three lovely little well-trained children and all were so glad to see me. After a few minutes the mother started to leave the room, but the father motioned for her to stay. In a short time the oldest little girl entered carrying a tray on which was a cup of delicious cinnamon tea. The father watched her carefully and admiringly. It was such a contrast from the other home; here they were sharing together, and happy in all the activities of home and school life.

Frances Patton

Love is that warm-hearted, unselfish concern for others that seeks always to bring the very best into the lives of others. (*Quotation from Rev. John Bald's Bible lesson at New Wilmington Conference.*)

WGMS SHORT-TERM MISSIONARIES

EGYPT

Mrs. Don Armstrong, 1951 ..... Tanta
Miss Mildred M. Cooke, R.N., 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss Lois R. Ellifritz, 1950 ..... Cairo
Miss R. Verlie Evans, R.N., 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss Margaret Gettemy, 1949 ..... Tanta
Miss E. Marion Greenleese, 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss Dorothy E. Hagman, 1951 ..... Cairo
Miss Louisa G. Hines, R.N., 1949 ..... Tanta
Miss Rosella M. Hutchison, M.N., 1951 ..... Tanta
Miss Bessie B. James, 1952 ..... Tanta
Miss Catherine M. Jamieson, 1952 ..... Cairo
Miss Lida E. Knight, 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss Marilyn R. Law, R.N., 1952 ..... Cairo
Miss Joan Murdock, R.N., 1949 ..... Assiut
Miss Sara Jane Nesser, 1951 ..... Tanta
Miss Ruth L. Nolin, 1951 ..... Tanta
Miss Rosemarie Otte, 1952 ..... Cairo
Miss Martha E. Sisley, 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss M. Patricia Trimble, 1951 ..... Assiut

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN—NORTH

Miss Beverly J. Day, 1950 ..... Atbara
Mrs. Marian Davidson Deemer, 1950 ..... Khartoum North

UNDER APPOINTMENT

Miss Eloise Crabbe, 1952 ..... 1427 Osceola Ave., Des Moines 16, Iowa
Miss Bessie B. James, 1952 ..... 3033 Elizabeth St., Bellingham, Wash.
Miss Emogene A. Golding, R.N., 1952 ..... 1612 West Shields Ave., Fresno 5, Calif.
Miss Harriet M. Kyle, 1952 ..... 2455 Summit St., Columbus 2, Ohio
Miss M. Elisabeth Pryor, 1952 ..... 214 W. Park Ave., Savannah, Georgia

ETHIOPIA

Miss Anna H. Ens, 1952 ... Box 1111, Addis Ababa

Note: In addressing these short-termers please remember to put "% American Mission" with each foreign address.

Temperance & Reform

MRS. W. J. H. McKNIGHT, Secretary,
379 Questend Ave., Pittsburgh 34, Pa.

You may hope for eternal life, as the rich young ruler—and not be saved!

Thanks to the Methodist Board of Temperance we are able to present to you the following *new leaflets* which have just come from their press. We are grateful that this great Church makes its fine material available to others. Our own Department of Temperance Education will provide these leaflets *free* in any quantity you may desire. We urge a wide distribution of them.

ROBERT E. LEE, ABSTAINER—This leaflet is very attractive in appearance, and informative in content. It sets forth not only General Lee's convictions and practice concerning the use of liquor but those of other officers in the Confederate army as well. The following statement is significant, "General Lee did not forbid the use of liquor in his army but his example was such that it was seldom used." The leaflet closes with this characteristic advice which General Lee gave to the students of Washington College on December 9, 1869: "My experience through life has convinced me that, while moderation and temperance in all things are commendable and beneficial, abstinence from spirituous liquors is the best safeguard to morals and health."

(This leaflet could be used in conjunction with another one entitled "Abraham Lincoln and Temperance" —the testimony of another great abstainer."

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC SAYS—This colorful leaflet gives as a subtitle "The Liquor Traffic says One Thing but It Does Another," as it refutes certain statements made by the Licensed Beverage Industries Inc., in advertisements run in various magazines including *Life, Colliers* and *Look.*

ALCOHOL AND NUTRITION — This leaflet gives a fine exposition of the widely-accepted fallacy that alcoholic beverages are good food substitutes. It also gives enlightening figures on the effects of the use of alcohol upon efficiency in daily work.

BEER AND THE SOLDIER—This leaflet gives figures and quotes statements from brewers to the effect that one of their compelling motives is "to cultivate a taste for beer in millions of young men who will eventually constitute the largest beer-consuming section of our population." *Brewer's Digest,* May, '41. The leaflet concludes with information concerning the tragic results of service men who "got tight and talkative."

ALCOHOL AND THE SCHOOLS—Only two minutes are required to read this attractive leaflet. It presents pertinent statements and statistics concerning the comparative cost of alcohol and education.

OUR TOWN—WET OR DRY—This is an excellent leaflet, setting forth concise, logical arguments in favor of voting against the liquor traffic in "Our Home Town." It answers such arguments as "more liquor will be sold in our town by bootleggers if the legal business is wiped out," "a great deal of our revenue will be cut off," and finally, "you just can't do it."

AN EMINENT PHYSIOLOGIST DISCUSSES ALCOHOL — Notes from a lecture delivered by Dr. Andrew C. Ivy at the Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism, Loma Linda, California. Dr. Ivy is an eminent physiologist now head of the Department of Clinical Science of the University of Illinois and a man of the highest attainments in this field. The information in this leaflet is for serious, adult study.

Literature Department

MRS. JAMES T. VORHIS, Secretary,
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

You may find no fault with Jesus, as Pilate — and not be saved!

STEWARDSHIP

Has your society qualified for Standard of Efficiency point 8 (Women) or point 7 (Teen-Age)? Has tithing been stressed and stewardship literature been distributed?

Here are a few suggestions:

Stewardship Facts (annual publication)—a compilation of brief articles on various phases of stewardship $.25
What Do I Get Out of It? ..... .01
Stewardship Questions Answered .01
Money-Raising or Stewardship ..... .01
Lord's Treasury ..... .03
I Tithe (Testimonials) ..... .01
How to Figure Your Tithe ..... .02
Christian Tithing a Privilege ..... .01
Youth Has Money for God ..... .01
Youth Has Abilities for God ..... .01

SCHOOL OF MISSIONS

Does your church hold an annual School of Missions? Is there a congretional Missionary Education Committee? If not, possibly your society might like to consider sponsoring such a school. There are three excellent books available that deal with missionary education methods.

Missionary Education in Your Church by Nevin C. Harner and David D. Baker. 192 pages. Paper $1.25; cloth $1.75. This is a handbook for planning a program of missionary education in the local church, church school or study group.

Presenting Missions by Louise Triplett. 64 pages. Paper 50¢. This book gives tried methods of presenting missions to young people, so is valuable for teachers and leaders of youth groups.

Missionary Education for the Junior High School Age by Louise Griffiths. 64 pages. Paper 50¢. As its name implies this book has suggestions for teachers of Intermediate classes and leaders of Pioneer societies.

All three of these books might well have a place in the Workers' Library of your church.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT?

How about a missionary hymn sing to begin your meeting? *Favorite Mission Hymns,* a collection of twenty-three outstanding missionary hymns, will help you plan one. 15¢

Bible games played during the social hour will add interest and variety, and probably some Bible knowledge. Consult *Popular Bible Games for Everyone* by Mabel H. Hansen. 35¢. The games are divided into mixers, choosing partners, quiet games, and action games. Maybe your Juniors would enjoy a Bible game party.

FOR PARENTS AND LEADERS OF CHILDREN

Children at Bedtime Around the World—8 pictures 10x12 in. $1.25. A story accompanies each of the pictures that show bedtime customs and room furnishings of children in Cuba, China, Africa, America, Brazil, Sweden, India and Japan. Here is one way to teach World Friendship to small children. *Missionary Stories to Tell* and *More Missionary Stories to Tell.* Paper, 75¢ each. These are excellent collections of short stories from mission fields all over the world. They make good "fill-ins" when your program is a bit short and, because many of them exemplify Christian virtues, are helpful in planning worship services. Some of the stories make good illustrations for adult programs.

PROGRAM HELPS

Frenchburg Mission, Then and Now ..... 2¢

Tributes

Mrs. Margaret Tweedie Miller

We, the members of the Women's Missionary Society of the Mundale U. P. church, lost a loyal and faithful worker when Mrs. Margaret Tweedie Miller was called to her heavenly home on April 4, 1952, in her 91st year.

She was the last charter member of the Mundale church. It can truly be said by all who knew her that she lived a beautiful life. Her cheerful disposition and willingness to take part in all church activities as long as health permitted will always be remembered, and will be an inspiration to all who knew her.

To her daughter and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

Mrs. Esther Moody
Mrs. Edith Miller
Committee

Mrs. Ella Barr Dean

The Women's Missionary Society of the Mars United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay a loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Ella Barr Dean who was called to her reward May 13, 1952.

She was a faithful member of her Sabbath School, missionary society and church service as long as her health permitted.

There's an open gate
At the end of the road,
Through which each must go alone.
And there is a light, we cannot see,
Our Father claims His own.
Beyond the gate your loved one
Finds happiness and rest.
And there is comfort
In the thought
That a loving God knows best.

We commend her three sisters and loved ones to His care and keeping whom she served faithfully.

Committee

Mrs. Herbert A. Ross

The Women's Missionary Society of the 1st U. P. Church, Ambridge, Pa., wishes to pay a tribute of love to the memory of Mrs. Herbert A. Ross, who passed away May 17, 1952. Her husband preceded her in death by only three weeks.

She was faithful in her devotion to all the church organizations, attending when her health permitted.

To her family we extend our sincere sympathy.

Committee

Mrs. Thomas Lentz

The members of the Women's Missionary Society of the Ardara U. P. Church wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of a loyal member, Mrs. Thomas Lentz, Sr., who passed to her heavenly home June 11, 1952.

She was a member of our church and missionary society for over 45 years. Even through her illness, extending over a period of time, she maintained her interest in the church activities. We shall remember her as a gentle, patient, kindly Christian mother.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her husband and two sons, commending them to God's loving care.

Committee
Mrs. Martha Watson
Mrs. Elizabeth Norris
Mrs. Elda Allen

Mrs. Sarah Scott Bright
Mrs. Anna McLaughlin Jackson

The Women's Missionary Society of the Unity United Presbyterian Church, Unity, Pa., wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of two of our oldest members who passed away during the year.

Mrs. Sarah Scott Bright, aged 84, an officer and faithful member of the Society for many years.

Mrs. Anna McLaughlin Jackson passed away April 30, 1952, almost reaching her 85th birthday and the oldest member of the congregation. She spent her entire life in Unity Church, and was a pupil and teacher in the Sabbath School and a charter member of the Women's Missionary Society.

To both we say, "Faithful to the end."

Committee

Mrs. Adam MacLeod

The W.M.S. of the First U. P. Church, Bellaire, Ohio, pays loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Adam MacLeod, one of our devoted members. As a group we are thankful for her kindly manner and influence. We extend our sincere sympathy to her loved ones.

Committee

Miss Grace Powell

The Volunteers for Christ Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Roney's Point, West Virginia, wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Miss Grace Powell, who was called to her heavenly home on September 20, 1951.

She was a charter member of our society, a loyal member of her church, and a faithful worker for the cause of missions. She served many years in the Sabbath School, both as teacher and as secretary. In her unassuming way, she gave freely of her time, talents, and means to the work of the Master.

To her family we extend our sympathy and commend them to the Heavenly Father, whom she both loved and served.

Committee

Mrs. Martha E. Craig

The Women's Missionary Society of the Pasadena United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay loving tribute to Mrs. Martha E. Craig, who entered her heavenly home August 2, 1952. Services were held in Pasadena and also in Canon City, Colorado, where she was buried beside her husband, Mr. R. J. Craig.

Hers was a long and fruitful life. She was interested in all departments of the church, particularly in the missionary work of our denomination. She counted among her personal friends many of our missionaries. Also she was an active crusader for temperance.

She leaves a daughter, Miss Roberta Craig, a son, Dr. Lyle Craig and two sisters, the Misses Alice and Minerva McMillen.

All will miss her humor, cheer and great influence for the right, due to abiding faith in her loving Saviour.

Committee

Mrs. W. G. Brown

The Women's Missionary of the United Presbyterian Church of Hutchinson, Kansas pays loving tribute to and expresses appreciation of Mrs. W. G. Brown for her years of devotion to the work of the Master. She was faithful in attendance and service as health permitted.

She was the last charter member of the Hutchinson church, a charter member of the Women's Missionary Society and the "I Will" S. S. Class, also a life member of The Women's General Missionary Society. Her patience and cheerful disposition in the time of weakness and suffering were a comfort and a blessing to her loved ones.

We extend sincere sympathy to her daughters, Mrs. Lucille Little and Mrs. Melba Meeks; grandson, Ellis Meeks and her sister, Miss Esther Chatelet.

Committee

Mrs. Elizabeth Brown Dickey

The members of the Women's Missionary Society of the Hampton United Presbyterian Church of Gibsonia, Pa., wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Dickey, who passed away July 2, 1952.

She was the last charter member of this missionary society, of which she was a life member. Mrs. Dickey was also the oldest member of the congregation at the time of her death.

On account of failing health she had not been able to attend the meetings, but was always faithful to and interested in the organization, and contributed to its support.

To her family and loved ones we extend our deepest sympathy.

Committee

Mrs. Mae Bayfield

The Euphemia Circle of the United Presbyterian Church of Coulterville,, Illinois, wishes to pay a tribute of love to the memory of Mrs. Mae Bayfield, who passed away New Year's Eve, 1951.

Her joy was serving her Master in all activities of the church and her life was an example of Christian living.

Committee

Mabel Dobbin

The Women's Missionary Society of Viola, Kansas, offers a tribute of love to the memory of Miss Mabel Dobbin who went to her heavenly home on August 5, 1952, at the age of 81 years.

She was a life member of the WGMS and a loyal member of our society. She sincerely loved her Lord and His Church, taking an active part in the Sabbath School, the WMS and other church activities as long as she was able. Her influence will live on in our community.

Committee

Mrs. Mary E. Russell

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Elderton, Pa., desires to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Mary E. Russell who passed away March 19, 1952.

Mrs. Russell was a faithful member of the Elderton congregation and will be remembered for her cheery smile and friendly manner, and for the kindness and helpfulness she always manifested toward her friends and those in need.

Her life was like Dorcas full of good deeds.

To her two daughters and other members of her family we extend our sincere sympathy.

Committee
Mrs. A. M. Neale
Mrs. J. F. Mulberger

THANK OFFERING

(*Continued from Page* 108)

Remember that all Thank Offering certificates will be sent to Society T. O. Secretaries, Teen Age Sponsors, or Junior Superintendents for distribution to those members receiving the certificates.

What a blessing a larger Thank Offering would be this year in light of the world's spiritual hunger and desperate needs. May unselfishness, humility and joy in loving service be a stimulus to many for an overflowing tide of Thank Offerings of true love to our King.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INDIAN MISSIONS

Rev. H. W. Gordon ..... R.D. 1, Stilwell, Okla.
Rev. E. W. Machamer ..... Warm Springs, Oregon
Rev. Louis Mitchell ..... Tama, Iowa
Rev. F. C. Patterson ..... Kayenta, Arizona
Miss Carol Nelson ..... Millerton, Okla.

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS

FRENCHBURG, KY. SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Arthur Gathman ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth L. Courter, Prin., H.S. ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Lester McCauley, Prin., Grades ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Carolyn Arndt ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice M. Childs ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary V. Hager ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Pearl Hatfield ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Irene Hays ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Hesselink ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Alice Hughes ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Janet Jones ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. S. O. Linderholm ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alberta McBride ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen McCoy ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Reba Moody ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Barbara Novosal ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Wayne Pethick ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Robert Randall, Coach ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Leah Stephens ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Roberta Stewart ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. James Stoker, Music ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. S. O. Linderholm, Secretary ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Florence Eiler, Matron ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. John Besco, Dietitian-Cook ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

FRENCHBURG, KY. CHURCH

Rev. James E. Eddy, Minister ..... Frenchburg, Ky

JANE COOK HOSPITAL

Dr. and Mrs. Donald Graves ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Alves, R.N. ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Elizabeth McConnell, R.N.
Supervisor ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Effie Frazier, R.N. ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Emma Holke ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Business Manager ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bernice Olson, Lab. Tech. ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Berna Phelps, Aide ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

EZEL, KENTUCKY SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. William A. Heagen ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Larue Millen, H.S. Principal ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth Bemis ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Blanche Ericcson ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Homer Haines ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Zillah Hawthorne, Secretary ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Glen Helton ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Anna Louise Hochstettler ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Beulah Hogan ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Jean Jardine ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gladys Millen ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gene Purdy ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stine, Jr. ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Frances Widstrand ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Louie Frazier, Supt. Clothes Room ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. J. Stanley Trimble (Physical Ed.) ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Dema Gilley, Dietitian-Cook ..... Ezel, Ky.

Boxes for Frenchburg should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Mt. Sterling, Ky.; for Ezel, to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

CITY AND PRESBYTERIAL

Miss Jean Dickey .....
Room 410, 270 Fairmont Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Miss Esther M. Jones .....
923 East St. Vrain, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Miss Dorothy Partington ..... Westland, Pa.
Mrs. R. G. Russell .....
36 Church St., Burgettstown, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Mrs. J. C. Alter ..... 1920 Yolo Ave., Berkeley, Calif.
Miss Margaret Beveridge .....
U. P. Home, Washington, Ia.
Miss Mae Beveridge ..... U. P. Home, Washington, Ia.
Miss Sallie E. Dickey .....
c/o D. H. Dickey, R. D. 5, Punxsutawney, Pa.

NEGRO MISSIONS

ARLINGTON INSTITUTE

Mr. K. P. Thomas, Superintendent ..... Annemanie, Ala
Miss Georga Lee Jackson ..... Annemanie, Ala
Mrs. Willie Knight ..... Annemanie, Ala
Mrs. K. P. Thomas ..... Annemanie, Ala

CAMDEN ACADEMY

Supt. and Mrs. A. C. Peoples ..... Camden, Ala
Mr. H. W. McKeldin, Assistant ..... Camden, Ala
Mrs. Minnie B. Alford ..... Camden, Ala
Miss Climmie B. Allen ..... Camden, Ala
Mrs. Hazel Ballard ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. William B. Ballard ..... Camden, Ala
Miss Frances Boyd, Bible ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Nora S. Daniels ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Amanda E. Freeman ..... Camden, Ala
Mrs. Juanita C. McKeldin ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. E. C. Moody ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Alexander Sanders ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mamie L. Smith ..... Camden, Ala
Mrs. Mattie L. Street ..... Camden, Ala
Mrs. Izetta Stallworth ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Mabel L. Thomas ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. James Tyree ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mildred Tyrce ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Bertha L. Washington ..... Camden, Ala
Miss Lizzie M. Washington ..... Camden, Ala
Miss Alice B. Whitaker ..... Camden, Ala
Mrs. B. D. Bridges, Cook ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. S. W. Rivers, Matron ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie Peoples ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Martin Dees, Maintenance ..... Camden, Ala

CANTON BEND, ALABAMA

Rev. James Reese, Pastor at Camden and Miller's Ferry ..... Camden, Ala.

THYNE INSTITUTE

Miss Grayce L. Salley, Bible ..... Chase City, Va

JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Supt. ..... Henderson, N. C
Miss Gertrude Allen, R.N. ..... Henderson, N. C
(Four other graduate nurses)
(Twelve other aides and workers)

HENDERSON INSTITUTE

Miss Eva Thomas, Bible ..... Henderson, N. C

KNOXVILLE COLLEGE

Mrs. Marcella Latham ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Betty Montgomery, R.N. ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mozelle Robinson ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Mabel Weir ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mr. George W. Williams ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. P. H. Parker, Church Missionary ..... Knoxville, Tenn.

MILLER'S FERRY MISSION

Supt. and Mrs. B. T. Ridgeway ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Aline Crossing ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Edith Ervin ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Ferdinand S. Ervin ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Darthula Mangram, Sec'y ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala
Miss Minnie Murphy ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. C. T. Patterson ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Roma Patterson ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Frederick Reese ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Gloria J. Ridgeway ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Gladys Ross, Bible ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Eleanor Varner ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Pearlye E. Williams ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. N. D. Williams ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Eulalie F. Wood, Music ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Louise L. Burress, Nurse ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. C. J. Wright ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Fannie P. Donaldson, Boys' Matron ..... Miller's Ferry Ala.
Mrs. Bessie Stevens, Girls' Matron ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Herman Bridges, General Worker ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala

PRAIRIE, ALA.

Mr. William T. Peters, Supt. ..... Prairie, Ala
Mrs. Theola Gordon ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Leola Jackson ..... Prairie, Ala.
Miss Vashti Jones ..... Prairie, Ala
Mrs. D. C. McCall ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. William T. Peters ..... Prairie, Ala.
Rev. C. C. Brown, Pastor at Prairie and Annemanie
625 Jeff Davis Ave., Selma, Ala.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Mrs. Patsy Kennedy .....
717½ Norwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Miss Josephine Warren .....
c/o Rev. Irvin Elligan, 819 College Ave., N.W., Knoxville, Tenn.
Rev. and Mrs. D. F. White .....
825 First Avenue, Selma, Alabama

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE W. G. M S.

% American Mission is used with each foreign address

EGYPT

Mrs. Sara E. Baker, 1950 ..... Tanta
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R.N., 1931 ..... Assiut
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926 ..... Assiut
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919 ..... Mansura
Miss Marjorie J. Dye, 1950 ..... Cairo
Miss Davida M. Finney, 1915 ..... Cairo
Miss Elsie M. French, 1909 ..... Cairo
Miss Alice M. Grimes, 1924 ..... Cairo
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 ..... Benha
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915 ..... Cairo
Miss Beatrice McClellan, 1947 ..... Cairo
Miss Jeannette L. McCrory, 1916 ..... Minia
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919; 1949 ..... Cairo
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1923 ..... Cairo
Miss Lucile B. Nichols, R.N.A., 1945 ..... Tanta
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921 ..... Beni Suef
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 ..... Tanta
Miss Frances Patton, 1922 ..... Mansura
Miss Martha A. Roy, 1935 ..... Luxor
Miss Inez M. Sutton, 1949 ..... Luxor
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925; 1948 ..... Assiut
Miss Alberta A. Tedford, R.N., 1945 ..... Tanta
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939 ..... Tanta
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 ..... Assiut
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930 ..... Assiut
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919 ..... Alexandria
Miss Ruth M. Williamson, 1924; 1944 ..... Tanta
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932 .....
.....9 Sharia Massoud, Abbassia, Cairo
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919 ..... Luxor
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924 ..... Cairo

On Furlough

Miss Mary F. Dawson, 1922; 1945 .....
.....1005 W. Chestnut Ave., Yakima, Wash.
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921, % Mrs. Edgar Robeson, 715 E. Archer Ave., Monmouth, Ill.
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929 .....
.....435 East 11th St., Loveland, Colo.
Miss Nellie V. Hill, R.N., 1945 .....
..... R. D. 1, Fayette City, Pa.
Miss Millie I. Kelso, 1946 .....
.....Hastings St., Brookville, Pa.
Mrs. Rachel T. Seiver, 1925 .....
.....905 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.
Miss Jane C. Smith, R.N., 1922 .....
..... Sunny Crest, Irwin, Pa.
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921 .....
.....% Mrs. R. H. Paxton, Camden 3, Ohio

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924 ..... Lahore
Miss Margaret E. Ballantyne, 1941 .... Campbellpur
Miss M. Lois Boyd, 1919 ..... Pasrur
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931 ..... Rawalpindi
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1927; 1937 .... Sangla Hill
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N., 1926 ..... Jhelum
Miss M. Evelyn Cathcart, 1925 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Edith M. Drake, 1947 ..... Gujranwala
Miss Margaret J. Fehlman, 1913 ..... Sargodha
Miss Dorothy M. Fisher, 1947 ..... Rawalpindi
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930 .... Hajipur, Sialkot City
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921 .. Sialkot City
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904 ..... Pasrur
Miss Mary H. Lentz, R.N., 1950 ..... Taxila
Miss M. Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920 .... Sargodha
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1938 .. Sialkot City
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938 ..... Sheikhupura
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1937 . Sialkot City
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 ..... Sangla Hill
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930 ..... Gujranwala
Miss Dorothy B. Roberts, 1952 ..... Gujranwala
Miss Louise E. Scott, 1916 ..... Gujranwala
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924 ..... Sargodha
Miss Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N., 1947 .. Sialkot City
Miss Josephine L. White, 1951 ..... Rawalpindi

PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922 ..... Pathankot
Miss S. Jane Lamont, 1928 ..... Pathankot
Miss Willa M. Ramsey, 1921 ..... Pathankot

On Furlough

Miss R. Jean Black, 1921 ..... Petrolia, Pa.
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N.A., 1924 .....
.....57 Broadway, Frostburg, Md.
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938 ..... Greensboro, Vt.
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 ..... Blanchard, Iowa
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928 .....
.....514 N. Broadway, Sterling, Kansas

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Miss Mary Anna Bode, 1952 ..... Omdurman
Miss Mary E. Coie, 1919 ..... Wad Medani
Miss Una Coie, 1918 ..... Gedaref
Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1940 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Marian I. Farquhar, 1945 ..... Nasir
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924 ..... Nasir
Miss Rosaltha Kenagy, 1950 ..... Atbara
Miss Jean Maxwell, M.N., 1946 ..... Nasir
Miss Marguerite M. McClellan, 1926 .....
..... Box 34, Khartoum North
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922 ..... Khartoum
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930 ..... Omdurman
Miss Dorothy L. Rankin, 1946 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Phyllis A. Rogers, 1949 ..... Malakal
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944 ..... Nasir
Miss M. Evelyn Stewart, 1952 ..... Khartoum
Miss Helena G. Tetley, 1951 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort, 1949 ..... Nasir
Miss Ruth E. Wilson, 1951 ..... Khartoum North
Miss Joan E. Yilek, 1948 ..... Pokwo, Gambeila

On Furlough

Miss Aleta J. Matthews, 1946 .....
..... Box 476, Jetmore Kans.
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921 .....
....Taylor Hall, Columbia Hospital, Pgh. 21, Pa.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N., 1920 ..... Gorei
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 ..... Gorei
Miss Mary Nell Harper, R.N., 1948 ..... Sayo
Miss Marguerite M. Lienard, 1948 ..... Sayo
Miss Martha A. Maxwell, R.N., 1951 .. Addis Ababa
Miss Ruth E. McCreery, 1950 ..... Addis Ababa
Miss Hazel J. McGeary, 1946 ..... Sayo
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1933 ..... Addis Ababa
Mrs. A. W. Pollock, R.N., 1942 ..... Maji
(All Maji and Sayo mail: Box 1111, Addis Ababa)

On Furlough

Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N., 1933 .....
.....578 Sheffield Ave., Delaware Co., Pa.
Miss Eileen Halewood, R.N., 1947 .....
....Taylor Hall, Columbia Hospital, Pgh. 21, Pa.
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923 .... Conoquenessing, Pa.

UNDER APPOINTMENT

Miss M.Marie Allison, 1952 R. D. 6, New Castle, Pa.
Miss Dorothy M. Neff, 1952 .....
.....840 Windsor Park Lane, Havertown, Pa.
Miss Dorothy B. Roberts, 1952 .....
.....412 Harrison St., Ridley Park, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911 .....
...United Presbyterian Home, Washington, Iowa
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909 .....
.....2614 Sacramento, St. Joseph, Mo.
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1908; 1918 .....
.....1128 State St., Emporia, Kansas
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1905 .....
.....422 W. Logan St., Clarinda, Iowa
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894 .....
.....121 North 7th St., Sterling, Kansas
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899 ..... Assiut, Egypt
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921 .....
.....5528 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918 .....
...c/o Miss Etta McClure, West Middletown, Pa.
Miss Elizabeth McKibben, 1924 .....
.....1423 Liverpool St., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906 ..... Aledo, Illinois
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902 .....
...c/o Mrs. Iva Williams, 1423 Winchester Ave., Lakewood 7, Ohio
Miss M. Stella Robertson, 1922 .....
..... Five Shoregate, Crail, Fife, Scotland
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911 .....
.....102 N. Poplar St., Grove City, Pa.
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904 .....
.....306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Ida Whiteside, 1913; 1935 .....
.....25 Prospect St., Greenwich, N. Y.
Miss Ruth A. Work, 1904 .....
..2235 Norwalk Ave., Los Angeles 41, California

PAKISTAN-INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881 .....
.....306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908 .....
.....263 Park St., Socorro, N. Mexico
Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884 .....
.....Box 992, Santa Ana, California
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913 .....
.....6549 Emerald Ave., Chicago 21. Ill.
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893 .... Pattersonville, N. Y.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 ..... Eldora, Iowa
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903 .....
.....306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891 .....
.....325 W. 7th St., Rushville, Indiana
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902 .....
.....306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Georga Wengert, 1919 ..... Lebo, Kansas

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912 .....
.....Caroline Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911; 1919 .. Lenox, Iowa

(NOTE: All short-termers are listed in the Foreign Department.)

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES UNDER THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

c/o American Mission should be added to each foreign address

EGYPT

Mr. and Mrs. Judson W. Allen ..... Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Elder ..... Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. K. G. Fleming ..... Alexandria
Dr. and Mrs. Dalton Galloway ..... Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Hutchison ..... Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. Paul W. Jamison ..... Tanta
Rev. and Mrs. John G. Lorimer ..... Cairo
Mr. Everett W. McCreery ..... Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. H. A. McGeoch ..... Alexandria
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. McGill ..... Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. McLaughlin ..... Fayoum
Rev. and Mrs. George E. Morrison ..... Luxor
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nolin ..... Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. James W. Pollock ..... Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. Walter J. Skellie ..... Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. John A. Thompson ..... Cairo
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Turnbull ..... Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Watkins ..... Assiut

On Furlough

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Acheson ..... 600 Schaff Bldg., Philadelphia 2, Pa.
Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Bailey ..... 310 E. Detroit Ave., Monmouth, Ill.
Dr. and Mrs. N. A. Kraft ..... 25 Elm Drive West, Levittown, L. I., New York
Rev. and Mrs. Paul H. McClanahan ..... Payne Apts., Princeton, N. J.
Mr. and Mrs. M. C. McFeeters ..... Waugh Ave., New Wilmington, Pa.

PUNJAB, INDIA

Rev. and Mrs. L. A. McCulloch ..... Dhariwal
Dr. and Mrs. J. Morgan McKelvey ..... Gurdaspur

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Rev. and Mrs. Joseph C. Alter ..... Sialkot
Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown ..... Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Blocksma ..... c/o United Christian Hospital, Lahore
Dr. and Mrs. Norval E. Christy ..... Taxila
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Christy ..... Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. E. V. Clements ..... Pasrur
Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Cummings ..... Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. Robert A. Foster ..... Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Glassman ..... Campbellpur
Rev. and Mrs. John D. Harkness ..... Sargodha
Mr. and Mrs. Irvin G. Lotze ..... Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. H. J. McGuill ..... Taxila
Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Millson ..... Jhelum
Dr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Milne ..... Qila Sheikhupura
Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ross ..... Lyallpur
Rev. and Mrs. G. LeRoy Selby ..... Lyallpur
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stewart ..... Rawalpindi
Dr. and Mrs. Harris J. Stewart ..... Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Stewart ..... Rawalpindi
Dr. and Mrs. John Vroon ..... Sialkot

On Furlough

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Colvin ..... R. D. 1, Sussex, Wis.
Rev. and Mrs. C. Emerson McBane ..... R. D. 1, Plainfield, Ill.
Rev. and Mrs. Paul A. Miller, ... 20 N. Portland Ave., Ventnor, N. J.
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Sutherland ..... 346 Stuyvesant Ave., Lyndhurst, N. J.
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Whitfield ..... 1010 W. 1st St., Topeka, Kansas

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Adair ..... Doleib Hill, via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. J. Lowrie Anderson ..... Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Anderson ..... Atar via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. Leander Finley ..... Omdurman
Dr. and Mrs. Robert G. Gordon ..... Wanglel, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. Willard M. Galloway ..... El Obeid
Rev. and Mrs. S. Robb McLaughlin ..... Wanglel via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. W. Don McClure ..... Gambeila
Rev. and Mrs. Robert H. Meloy ..... Omdurman
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. H. Philips ..... Khartoum
Rev. and Mrs. K. E. Rasmussen ..... Abwong, via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Roode ..... Akobo, via Malakal
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Rr. and Mrs. R. F. Shields ..... 6346 Homer St., Philadelphia 44, Pa.

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Mr. Phil R. West. (Ghimeera) address: Addis Ababa

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Des Moines, Iowa, June, 1953

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PRESBYTERIAL MISSIONS

(*Continued from Page* 82)

tries to put them in touch with our own, or their preferred, church. Many are glad to send their children to Sabbath School. Such is the work in Colorado Presbytery.

The day of the missionary in full charge of the mission is not yet past. We have two such missions. Westland is a small coal-mining town in Western Pennsylvania where we have a good church building, but the congregation is unorganized, although it is hoped it soon may be. There the missionary carries on all the work of the minister, except for the sacraments, has a Sabbath School, prayer meeting, missionary societies and daily va ation Bible school. A visiting minister preaches each Sabbath and the session of a nearby church cares for the communion service. The interest of the people is shown by the fact that they are building a small home for their missionary, raising part of the funds among themselves and borrowing the balance to be paid by their own efforts.

The other such mission is at Slovan, Pennsylvania, a small, industrial town. There is no church building, but the missionary carries on the work in a rented room. Much the same service is given here with visiting ministers coming to preach and holding a week of special services once a year.

At present there are but four Presbyterial Missions. The missionaries are all fine, devoted workers doing a real service for the church. Their salaries are paid by the Women's Board, but living quarters and travel expenses while at work are supposed to be paid by the Presbytery they are serving.

These missionaries do a quiet work, but their zeal and sacrifice matches that of the foreign missionary as they give their utmost effort to win others for Christ, expecting and getting little applause as they serve Him.

MEMORIES AND MEDITATIONS

(*Continued from Page* 94)

This year during our Badomali Convention, I held a rally for the adults there who had learned to read recently. Fez, of course, had learned to read in 1948, but he was there, and asked if he might give a spiritual message. Then I found out he was studying to become an elder because his session had chosen him. His message was one from the heart and on prayer. He had received a special blessing during his study of prayer, as it is given in the Elder's course booklet, and wanted to share it with us. Such brief meditations on God's word are inspirational to us missionaries as well as to the group before which he spoke.

Through this special service given in a simple way new hope and joy have come into the lives of thousands of the humble people in all mission fields.

TRUE PATRIOTISM IS A "HUMAN RIGHT"

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read;
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting
No dew but has an errand to some fl
No smallest star but sheds some help
And man by man, each helping all
Make the firm bulwark of the country
There is no better way.

—*Susan*